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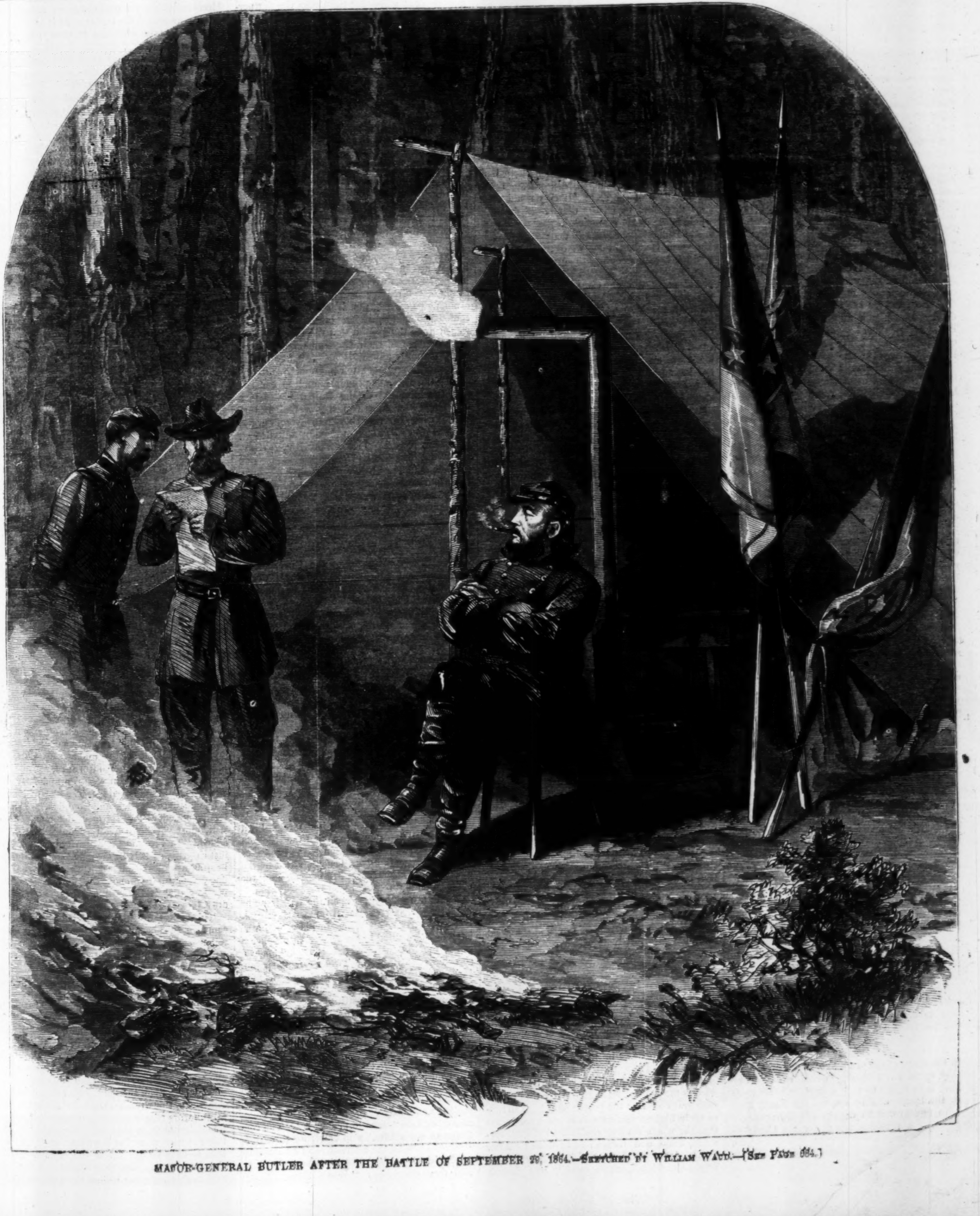


MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 22, 1864.

"PEACE."

THAT the "peace" section of the Democratic party, the men whose friends are in arms against the Government, intend to help their friends with arms, if they can, is a secret to nobody. That "peace" means riot, massacre, and war, just as "Conservatism" means anarchy, the experience of the last year has fully proved. The existence of associations the purpose of which is to resist the result of the election if opportunity offers, is beyond question. The Society of Knights of the Golden Circle, and all the other forms of conspiracy, are matters of public knowledge. All these associations are manned and managed by members of the Chicago party. All the threats of resisting the election now proceed, as they did four years ago, from members of the Chicago party. The Convention of that party resolves that "the direct interference of the military authority of the United States......in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control." All the speakers at the MacPendleton Ratification Meeting in New York repeated this threat; and the Democratic Union Association resolved the other evening, "that a Presidential election effected through Maryland by a suppression of the press, and, by consequence, of the ballot-box, would be an act of revolutionary violence, not binding upon the people of the United States, under the Constitution, or in morals, or in conscience."

The Chicago party is the one under whose domination free speech and a free press and ballot have always been suppressed in half the country, and constantly threatened in the other. Its whole policy has been the maintenance of slavery, with which free speech and all other Republican and Democratic institutions are incompatible. Therefore nobody imagines that the Chicago party, as such, is any more solicitous for free speech now than ever before. But it is desperate. The best men of the late Democratic party have left it just in the degree that it deserted its own principles. Its remainder is without a solitary leader of real power. It is in the hands of desperate demagogues or callow neophytes. It is reduced to a minority, who still clutch the organization and call themselves by the old name. But the followers of Horatio Seymour, August Belmont, Clement L. Vallandigham, Robert C. Winthrop, and Fernando Wood, are not the great triumphant Democratic party of Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson.

The resolutions of which we are speaking are the formal announcement that, if the present managers of the party can Mexicanize this country, they certainly will. For what is the military interference against which they protest, and which they declare to be just occasion of armed resistance? It is simply the care taken by the United States authorities that rebels shall not vote. It is the care taken that the Government shall not be put into the hands of Jefferson Davis and his conspirators. Is it an arbitrary assumption of power to prevent traitors from voting? Is it a crime for which the Government may be justly overthrown that it forbids the bitterest enemies of the Government from controlling it? The Chicago party insist that "Harry Gilmore" shall vote in Maryland. He is an open armed enemy of the United States; but he is a voter, says the Chicago doctrine, by the law of Maryland. The intention is plain. The military power of the rebellion being now on the way to destruction, the Chicago party wish to restore the vigor of treason by giving to it civil ascendency.

Meanwhile Governor Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, has issued his proclamation, by which all free white men, citizens and soldiers, twenty-one years of age, citizens of the United States, and for six months before the election citizens of the State of Tennessee, duly registered, *and who take the most stringent oath of fidelity to the United States Government*, are admitted to vote, and all others will be prohibited from voting.

Is this tyranny? We ask every citizen and soldier in the land, Is it a destruction of our liberties that neither Jefferson Davis, nor Alexander Stephens, nor Benjamin, nor Wigfall, nor Robert Lee, nor Hood, are to be allowed to vote for President until they shall have taken an oath of fidelity to the Union and Government? The Chicago party declares that it is. The Chicago party denounce such conduct as the imposition of illegal oaths. The Chicago party proclaims that such conduct justifies revolution.

And these are "Conservatives!" They went to Charleston four years ago, and said that if they could not rule they would ruin. They have been trying to do it ever since. By arms in the South and by arts in the North they have endeavored to destroy the Government. Pleading a sensitive regard for the Constitution, they have been in open sympathy with those who are warring upon it, and now declare that, in the midst of a fierce war, to require an oath of fidelity to it before voting is reason enough for rebellion. A people that have so patiently and heroically maintained a war during four years to defend their Government are not very likely to betray themselves upon the eve of victory by surrendering it to the friends of their enemies. If those friends decide to take up arms they will find the people ready. Four years have taught the American people that they must maintain themselves against domestic enemies. They have had tolerable success thus far, and they will probably not yield to threats and resolutions what they have refused to shot and shell.

PENNSYLVANIA.

When the news of Sheridan's victories in the Valley began to arrive, a month ago, a man standing in front of a newspaper bulletin, and reading the good tidings, looked very gloomy, and remarked to his melancholy neighbor, "If this sort of thing goes on, Abe Lincoln will be re-elected." How did that gentleman look, we wonder, on Wednesday morning, when the news from Pennsylvania began to arrive? It was a continuation of "this sort of thing." It was news of the people doing at home what the soldiers are doing in the field—defending the Union, the Government, and the Country. It was saying to Sheridan and Grant and Sherman and Farragut, "You shall not fight for a nation that is unworthy your heroism." It was shouting to the brave boys in the field, with three times three, "Strike home, and you shall be supported!"

The contest in Pennsylvania was most earnest and intense. The Chicago-London party had deserted all other points to concentrate upon the keystone of the arch. If they could only start that from its fidelity they hoped that the whole fabric would crumble. If they could persuade Pennsylvania to speak doubtfully for the Union in October, they were confident they could induce the country to surrender to rebellion in November. Beaten there they foresaw defeat every where. Consequently, no effort has been spared. Money in profusion, and the most reckless and desperate political trickery have been lavished upon the State. They have strained every nerve to draw Pennsylvania from her support of the American Union and Government, and, by the blessing of God and her faithful people, the combined forces of Treason, foreign hate, and rebellious Slavery have signally and disastrously failed.

It is a State triumph, a national triumph, and a triumph of universal liberty and good government. It proclaims to the whole world the inflexible resolution of the American people to maintain their Union and Government without compromise with rebellion, and without asking the permission of traitors and foreign foes. All hail, Pennsylvania! As you are the keystone of the Union, so you have struck the key-note of the chorus of Union victory. "We do *not* think the war a failure. We do *not* ask for an immediate cessation of hostilities. We do *not* believe the Government of the United States powerless, and surrender to armed treason the only hope of national safety," says Pennsylvania; and already the amen is gathering which will burst triumphant from the popular heart on the eighth day of November.

OHIO.

The State of Vallandigham, who advocates a division of the Union into four parts—the State of George H. Pendleton, the Chicago companion of George B. M'Clellan, who thinks that the United States Government has no right to defend itself against treason and rebellion, has spoken again as she always speaks, for Union, liberty, and law. She has declared against her recreant sons, and for the undivided country. She sustains Abraham Lincoln, and with him Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Farragut, the army and the navy of the United States.

Every true lover of his country and his kind has the right to rejoice over the noble result in Ohio, for it is another vindication of the American principle of popular government It is another proof that in the very heat and crisis of a civil war the people can still calmly see their highest duty and faithfully perform it. The mother of the West has spoken, and the great and glorious family will echo her words in November.

INDIANA.

We had not dared to hope for victory in Indiana; but so overpowering is the popular sentiment of patriotism that the most doubtful of States disdains the imputation of uncertain fidelity, and stands by her gallant and noble Morton.

As we survey the field of Tuesday's work, what is the natural feeling? After that of devout gratitude that the people have been so true to their highest interests, is it not a resolution that the whole country shall do what Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana have done? After Indiana, need we despair of little New Jersey, where our friends are so steadily and cheerily working? To the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, all Union-loving Americans owe a debt that they will not forget, and that they will discharge most satisfactorily to the brave men of those States by going in November and doing likewise.

THE GEORGIA PEACE PLATFORM.

The Macon *Confederate Union* newspaper has an official account of the reply of Governor Brown, of Georgia, to an inquiry concerning the peace negotiations between him and General Sherman. Governor Brown's reply is long, but its substance is small. It is merely State sovereignty. If the United States want peace, says the Governor, let them confess that they are not the United States, and they can have it. Let them confess that their Government is destroyed, and that the Union is a foolish chimera—let them agree that every State may do exactly as it chooses—that the Constitution is a compact which any one of the parties may break at will—that the Union is a partnership at the pleasure of the partners; in a word, that Washington, Hamilton, and Madison knew nothing of the Constitution, but that Mr. John C. Calhoun was its only true expounder—let the United States merely do this, let Mr. Lincoln proclaim an armistice, and then let every sovereign State decide for herself whether she will join the old or the new League, and we can have peace at once.

Governor Brown adheres to the Chicago platform, and to the views of Mr. Pendleton, the Chicago candidate. These are precisely the political opinions of Calhoun, of Jefferson Davis, and of George H. Pendleton. "Just give it all up," says Governor B.; "just agree that you are all in the wrong, and we all in the right; just confess that the war is a crime, as friend Pendleton calls it, and there we are."

Whoever votes for Mr. Pendleton votes for the views of Governor Brown. If his vote be honest, he can not regard the war as any thing but a monstrous wrong against the rights of the States. If Mr. Pendleton's theory of our Government be correct, that it is a mere league or confederation of sovereign powers, then the war, waged upon the ground that the United States are a nation and their Government a Government, is totally unjustifiable. It comes to that at last. To negotiate, to compromise, is to surrender the national principle, and to concede that the authority of the United States is a name and the American flag a foolish rag. That is what Governor Brown of Georgia urges. That is what Jefferson Davis and Judah Benjamin declare. That is what Horatio Seymour and his Chicago Convention assert; and to bring it to a test before the American people, that Convention declares the war a failure, and invites us to acquit Jefferson Davis by voting for General MacPendleton.

THE GENERAL ISSUE.

Mr. Horatio Seymour, the Governor of New York and the President of the Chicago Convention, made a speech after the nominations of that body in which he said:

"We think he [MacPendleton] is an able man too. But no matter—we intend to carry this election upon what lawyers call the general issue."

What, then, according to Governor Seymour, is "the general issue?"

General Dix says that it is whether we shall prosecute the war until the rebels lay down their arms, or make immediate efforts for a cessation of hostilities and a convention.

General Logan says that there are but two parties—those who support and encourage the rebels, and those who oppose them.

General Wool says that the Chicago candidates were nominated by a convention that sympathized with rebels, and whose platform was dictated by Southern traitors.

General Butler says that it is for the loyal men of the North to see to it that the rebellion does not end in the separation of the States, as proposed by the Southern leaders, aided by the election of General MacPendleton and the Chicago platform.

These are authorities upon the real issue as weighty, perhaps, as Mr. Horatio Seymour. But what says he? What, in his view, is the issue now presented to the American people?

On the 31st of January, 1861, he made a speech in Albany—the Tweddle-Hall speech. It was enthusiastically applauded, and was published as a campaign document by the present Chicago party. A constitutional election had just ended. The party to which Mr. Seymour belonged, and which had controlled the Government for many years, had been removed from power by a constitutional majority of the people. A section of his party at the South had already seized the national property, and openly threatened the existence of the Union and of the Government. The simple question was, shall the authority of the Government be maintained, or surrendered to menace? "The condition of our affairs," said Governor Seymour, "forces upon us the alternative of compromise or civil war." He considers these alternatives, and then concludes: "When unnatural war shall have brought upon our people its ruin, and upon our nation its shame, to what ground shall we be brought at last? *To that we should have accepted at the outset.*" What is that? Compromise. Mr. James S. Thayer, Mr. Seymour's companion upon the Tweddle platform, said that the Southern States had a right to secede; and if the Government tried to prevent them it ought to be resisted by arms. Mr. Vallandigham said at Dayton that he always knew it would come to compromise. Mr. Fernando Wood, two years ago, declared that the war could have no other result.

The issue, then, according to Mr. Seymour, supported by his friends of the Chicago Convention and Mr. Wood, is this: that the constitutional majority of the people have no right to govern, and ought to yield to threats and arms; that when a part of the citizens are dissatisfied with the result of an election, and resist it by force, they are to be allowed to have their way, and the majority and Government, not they, are to yield.

But again, on the 28th October, 1861, Mr. Horatio Seymour made another speech, and once more stated the issue: "If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms." That is to say, if some citizens to save slavery, abhorred of God and man, take up arms to resist the result of a constitutional election, and to destroy the Government and the nation, we must allow them both to be destroyed rather than touch slavery! The Union may go to the dogs, but human slavery must and shall be preserved!

This is what lawyers call "the general issue," says Mr. Horatio Seymour, and upon this we intend to ask the country to vote for our Chicago candidates, who are to be the agents of our policy. The general issue, therefore, fairly stated by the President of the Chicago Convention, is Lincoln, Liberty, and Union, or MacPendleton, Disunion, and Slavery. For that issue the American people are quite ready.

DAVIS'S LAST SPEECH AND CONFESSION.

The late speech of Jefferson Davis is very significant. At first it seemed so evidently a cry of frantic desperation that it was doubtful whether it were authentic. But, authentic or not, it is equally significant. If he really made it, it is the most pitiful wail of baffled treason. If it were forged by the Macon paper in which it appears, the object of the forgery could only have been to dispirit the rebels by the apparent despair of their chief, with the farther purpose of suggesting submission by revealing the hopelessness of the rebellion.

But there seems no reason to doubt its authenticity. Jefferson Davis did probably make the speech; or something of which this is a general report. He doubtless called General Butler a beast, because Mr. Davis is not choice in his epithets, and has formerly spoken of his loyal fellow-citizens as hyenas. Doubtless he spoke of General Butler as seeking, in his efforts to exchange prisoners, "to whitewash himself by intercourse with gentlemen;" although in what particular a Southern planter who sells babies and lives by the unpaid labor of men and women whom he whips at pleasure, is more gentlemanly than a Northern lawyer or mechanic who lives by his own honest labor, Mr. Jefferson Davis fails to show. Doubtless he said that "the end must be the defeat of our enemy," for Johnston and Hood had drawn Sherman from his base all the way to Atlanta; and because the rebellion holds hardly a quarter of the area with which it began; and because as Davis himself says immediately afterward, "You have not many men between eighteen and forty-five left." Doubtless he said, "The city of Macon is filled with stores, sick, and wounded." Doubtless he added, "Two-thirds of our men are absent, most without leave." Doubtless, too, he added, "In Virginia the disparity in numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia." And doubtless, as a logical conclusion, he said, "Let no one despond. Let no one distrust; and remember if genius is the *beau-ideal*, hope is the reality."

There are those who have tried hard to form some heroic conception of Jefferson Davis, to represent him as a fine historical figure. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gladstone, spoke of his "creating a nation." The rebel penny-a-liners for the British newspapers and for our own Copperhead journals have been very fond of comparing his "dignity" with Mr. Lincoln's want of it But where was ever seen such sorry want of pluck in the defeated leader of a great and wicked enterprise? Where was ever heard such a shameful whine as this Macon speech? The Roman Catiline, Davis's great exemplar, but less guilty than he, died sullen and gloomy upon the field. But this renegade American, this wretched traitor who has brought all the woes of war upon his country because he was defeated at an election, whimpers, "If one half the men now absent without leave will return to duty we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am going to the front. I may not realize this hope, but I know there are men there who have looked death in the face too often to despond now." Even the foot-pads of Hounslow Heath used to ride gayly to the gallows with a nosegay in their button-holes. But they had merely eased travelers of their purses. This man who speaks at Macon has headed an insurrection which has saturated the land with innocent blood

This is the man and this is the cause to which the Chicago Convention invites the American people to surrender, by voting for General MACPENDLETON. Let us stop fighting him, says the Convention. Let us exhaust the resources of statemanship, says General MACP.

Let us put down the rebellion! the American people will thunder on the 8th of November.

GENERAL DIX AND THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

GENERAL DIX has written a letter to a Union meeting in Philadelphia. It speaks very plainly of men and things, and shows in the clearest light his own patriotic fidelity. He says that there is but one question before the country—the steady prosecution of the war, or an immediate cessation of hostilities. The latter course General DIX believes, in common with all thoughtful men, would lead to a direct recognition of the independence of the insurgent States. The General does not say, what, however, he doubtless knows, that this is the intention of the movement for an armistice. He adds, with inexorable logic:

> "General M'CLELLAN, the candidate of the Chicago Convention, by force of his position, must be deemed to approve all the declarations with which he was presented to the country, unless he distinctly disavows them. Unfortunately, he is silent on the only question in regard to which the people cared that he should speak. He does not say whether he is in favor of a cessation of hostilities—the measure announced by those who nominated him as the basis for action in case of his election—or whether he is opposed to it. He does not meet the question with manly frankness, as I am confident he would have done if he had taken counsel of his own instincts instead of yielding to the subtle suggestions of politicians. The Chicago Convention presented a distinct issue to the people. As the nominee of the Convention he was bound to accept or repudiate it. He has done neither; and whatever inference may be drawn from his silence, either the War Democrats or the Peace Democrats must be deceived."

General DIX says in the plainest words that the Chicago nomination was a juggle. For he knows, as we all do, that the nomination of Mr. PENDLETON, and the fact that M'CLELLAN stands with him and by him, without a word of dissent from his known views and position, determines perfectly the character of the ticket and the intentions of those who nominated it. With the natural regret of a Democrat who remembers other days in which, as it seems to him, the party was true and not false to the national honor, he says of its Chicago platform and nominations: "In this injustice to the country, and to a great party identified with all that is honorable in our history, I can have no part. I can only mourn over the reproach which has been brought upon it by its leaders......"

There are thousands and thousands of Conservative men like General DIX who did not vote for Mr. LINCOLN in 1860, and who, like him, can not vote for Mr. LINCOLN's opponent in 1864. They believe with him, and mark his concluding words:

> "The only hope left to us lies in the patriotism and disinterestedness of the great body of the people of all parties, who are facing the enemies of their country on the battle-field, with a heroism unsurpassed in any age, or who at home, amidst the prevailing tumult and disorder, are working out, in the quiet pursuit of their varied occupations, the momentous problem of the public prosperity and safety. When they shall send out fresh from their own ranks new men to consult together for the salvation of all that is most precious in government and society, there will be cause for hope and faith in our redemption from impending evils and dangers; bearing, in the mean time, as well as we can, the heavy burdens which have been cast upon us by a quarter of a century of political mismanagement and public misrule."

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

JOHN A. LOGAN, the intimate personal friend of Senator DOUGLAS, was a Democratic member of Congress in the secession winter of 1860-'61. When his political friends from the South began to talk of dividing the Union, LOGAN began to talk of maintaining it. When they said they should set up for themselves, he answered, "If you resist the Government of the United States the people of the Northwest will hew their way through the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf." The Southern leaders began the war, and JOHN A. LOGAN, like his fellow-Democrats, JOHN A. DIX and BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, went immediately into the service, and in the army, he, like them, has made a most enviable name. In all SHERMAN's operations in Georgia there has been no more gallant and victorious soldier than JOHN A. LOGAN.

Lately a MACPENDLETON committee asked him to approve the Chicago platform. He wrote upon the back of his last order congratulating his troops upon the Union victories the words "*Excuse me*," and sent it by mail. General LOGAN says that at Atlanta he heard but one officer declare for MACPENDLETON; and that the private soldiers do not favor the election of a man who, according to the London *Times*, first discovered that his countrymen were whipped. The General is now stumping Illinois for Mr. LINCOLN. He makes the most eloquent and generous appeals to his old political friends. He says to them, and to all Americans who love the honor of their country:

"There are now only two parties—those who support and encourage the rebels, and those who oppose them. Honest men may be deluded with the Opposition, but the tendency of supporting the Chicago nominations is to strengthen the rebellion."

And again this patriot, who shows his faith by his works, says:

"I would as soon vote for JEFF DAVIS as PENDLETON; and I could not hesitate a moment as between candidates pledged to the Union, the Constitution, and unrelenting war while armed rebellion confronts the Government, and candidates who demand an immediate cessation of hostilities and peace at any price."

Is General MACPENDLETON a better Democrat than General JOHN A. LOGAN?

A PEACE MAN.

IF there has been a more faithful servant of the rebellion any where than Mr. LAZARUS M. POWELL, Senator from Kentucky—in Washington, not in Richmond—we have not known him. This is the gentleman who accused the Administration of arbitrarily suppressing free speech; who grew pathetic over the terrible despotism that had gagged American citizens, and, in fact, fiercely vituperated the Government which had exercised unusual, but not unconstitutional, powers in the midst of civil war. When he sat down Mr. HARLAN read from the journal of the Senate six years ago the record of a vote, by which it appeared that this gentleman, so very sensitive to the suppression of free speech in the midst of civil war intended to aid the enemy, *deliberately voted against a proposition to secure free speech, in time of profound peace, to citizens of the United States!*

This gentleman, of course, shudders at the enormous crimes of the Administration, and supports the Chicago principles and candidates. Mr. POWELL says, with the same frankness with which Mr. PENDLETON declares that he is a disunionist, and has never voted a man or dollar for this abolition war:

> "*As a peace man who has opposed this war from the beginning, never having voted a man or a dollar to carry it on*, I never will occupy the position of one approving of the war or of the unjust acts connected with it; but I believe that General M'CLELLAN, as the nominee of this Convention, should receive my support, and he will have it—*my warm, hearty, zealous support.*"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has been noted for a fatal foreboding faculty in his writings. The catastrophe of a falling house in one of his novels ran so closely on an actual calamity of the sort in London that carping critics declared he owed his inspiration to the "accident" columns of the papers. His disavowal on that occasion will find confirmation strong in the minds of the readers of the September number of "Our Mutual Friend." The very words which he puts into the mouth of the old woman who dreads the work-house so strongly, so fiercely, find a living presentiment in the subsequently reported case of the unfortunate Miss Jeffreys, whose inquest has lately, we feel sure, struck a pang to the hearts of its readers. Fact is not stranger or stronger than fiction here—they are curiously at all-fours with each other, and point to the present poor-law as a blot on England in the sight of God and man.

IN the Norwegian mines a singular and striking custom is observed in paying the weekly wages of the men there employed. They all present themselves on the Saturday evening to the inspector, who hears from each man the number of hours he has worked on the successive days of the week past, compares the total given with his own notes on the subject, and having settled the account, calls the miner, bids him turn round, and writes in white chalk upon his black back the sum due to him. Thus mysteriously numbered, the man has to go to the cashier, who also turns him round to look at the figures, and pays him without his having a word to say.

The method is an expeditious one—two or three strokes of chalk settle the matter; it is prudent, for the miner has no chance of altering a figure in his own favor; and economical, for a brush removes all trace of the inscription, and the same black jacket is ready for the next Saturday.

GENERAL BANKS was once a poor boy among the lofty mountains of New England. He was a common workman in a factory. He tells us that one morning, as the factory was lighted up before light in the early dawn, and just as objects could be seen out of the door, he was looking out of the window, and saw an object moving along slowly on the ice that covered the river. While watching it, suddenly the ice broke, and the dark object went down. In an instant he thought it must be a man. So, calling a companion, he ran down the stairs and out toward the object. He had the forethought to snatch up a plank, which he carried on his shoulder. When they had reached the place they found it was a colored man who had broken through the ice and was struggling for his life. They thrust out the plank. The poor fellow seized it with both hands.

"Now hold on, Tim, and we'll pull you out."

So they pulled and got him almost out, when off he slipped and went down again!

On his coming up they pushed the end of the plank to him again, and cried,

"Now, Tim, hold on with all your might."

"Indeed I will, Sir."

Again they pulled, and up he came, almost out, when off he slipped, and down he went. They felt that the third time must be the turning-point. It was now life or death. Poor Tim looked as if he thought so too. For the third time the plank was pushed out, when the negro cried out

"For God's sake, gentlemen, give me the *wooden end of the plank!*"

They saw instantly that they had been giving him the end covered all over with ice, and no wonder he could not cling to it! They now gave him what he called the "wooden end," and drew him out in safety.

THE reason the dying never weep is because the manufactures of life have stopped forever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up—there is no secretion any where. So the eye in death weeps not—not that all affection is dead to the heart—because there is not a tear-drop in it any more than there is moisture on the lip. It is a striking characteristic of that terrible disease, the cholera, that the patient, however suddenly seized, never sheds a tear, even though surrounded by weeping friends. The feature of the disease is the suspension of the secretion of the system and the most active excretory work, by which the body is drained of its fluids.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.—One of the most remarkable of these noble dogs was Barry, who is known to have saved the lives of forty individuals. Besides his cask around his neck he carried a warm garment on his back; and if he failed to arouse the traveler into some sense of life by his warm tongue and breath he would race back to the house and bring somebody to the rescue. One day Barry found a poor boy asleep and almost frozen to death in the celebrated glacier of Balsore. Barry warmed the boy, licked him, woke him up, gave him something to drink, and carried him on his back to the monastery. The joy of the poor parents who can describe? After a life of service Barry was sent down the mountains to a warm and comfortable home, where he passed the rest of his days in honorable quiet. At his death his body was carefully buried, and his skin was stuffed, and there he may be seen in the Museum of Berne standing as large as life, with his collar and bottle round his neck, ready to start on his labors of love.

The dogs are short-lived. Many die from disease of the lungs, and others are lost in the falling of avalanches and other accidents. Neither men nor dogs can long stand the severe climate and thin air of so great a height. Both are often obliged to go down into the valley below and recruit amidst milder scenes. The leader of the pack now is named Plato, a brave, big creature, doing deeds of usefulness and valor which might put to blush the life of many a one of human understanding who never risked a thought, much less a deed, to help his fellow-men.

FAMILIAR and simple as singing, or music in general, seems to be, it is, if we analyze it, one of the most wonderful phenomena. What we hear when listening to a chorus or a symphony is a commotion of elastic air, of which the wildest sea would give a very inadequate image. The lowest tone which the ear perceives is due to about thirty vibrations in one second, the highest to about four thousand. Consider then what happens in a *presto*, when thousands of voices and instruments are simultaneously producing waves of air, each wave crossing the other, not only like the surface waves of the water, but like spherical bodies, and, as it would seem, without any perceptible disturbance. Consider that each tone is accompanied by secondary tones; that each instrument has its peculiar *timbre*, due to secondary vibrations; and lastly, let us remember that all this cross-fire of waves, all this whirlpool of sound, is moderated by laws which determine what we call harmony, and by certain traditions or habits which determine what we call melody—both these elements being absent in the songs of birds. That all this must be reflected, like a microscopic photograph, on the two small organs of hearing, and there excite, not only perception, but perception followed by a new feeling even more mysterious, which we call either pleasure or pain, and it will be clear that we are surrounded on all sides by miracles, transcending all that we are accustomed to call miraculous, and yet disclosing, to the genius of a Euler or a Newton laws which admit of the most minute mathematical determination.

IN digging at the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, when the workmen arrive at the depth of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts. But that which is most remarkable is, that at the depth of fourteen feet are found the remains of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Underneath is a soft earth made up chiefly of vegetable matters; and at twenty-six feet deep large trees entire, such as walnut-trees, with the walnuts still on the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells; and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under it vegetables are found again with leaves and branches of trees, as before.

THE "west shaft" at the Hoosac tunnel is now sunk about 320 feet, and the temperature at the bottom during the warmest day is 35 degrees. The depth of water in the mountain is about nine feet, and the engine employed at the shaft removes 25 gallons each revolution. The engine also works a fan by which the men are supplied with air. The number of men employed on the west side of the mountain is 350.

A SINGULAR trial lately took place at Madrid. A soldier was cited before the Police Court for having stolen a gold cup of considerable value which had been placed as a votive offering on one of the numerous altars dedicated in that city to the Virgin. The soldier at once explained that he and his family being in great distress, he had appealed to the Holy Mother for assistance, and that while engaged in prayer and contemplation of the four millions' worth of jewels displayed on her brocaded petticoat, she stooped, and, with a charming smile, handed him the golden cup. This explanation was received by the Court in profound silence, and the case handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commission, to whom it at once occurred that, however inconvenient the admission of the miracle might be, it would be highly impolitic to dispute its possibility. They therefore gave the cup to the soldier, at the same time solemnly warning him for the future against similar favors from images of any kind, and impressing him with the conviction that the Virgin required profound silence from him as a proof of his gratitude.

A NEW attraction has been added to the London Crystal Palace in the form of a "Pneumatic Railway." The application of atmospheric gravity as a substitute for steam has long been a problem which speculative men of science have regarded as desirable for solution, and many plans have been tried which have been more or less successful. In the grounds of the Crystal Palace a tunnel has been constructed six hundred yards in length, and along this a train of carriages is hurled by the mere force of atmospheric pressure. A description of the mechanical details would be prolix, and perhaps, if it were attempted, might not be satisfactory. Suffice it to say, that in this tunnel or tube, six hundred yards in length, a heavy train can be blown along at a good speed, and sucked back at a similar speed, and that the experiment is very interesting, and may be very valuable. Whether the result will be the supercession of steam by atmospheric pressure is a problem which time alone will show.

ROMISH miracles continue to multiply; the following is the latest: A farmer of the district of Piancastagnaio, near Florence, having openly declared that the cure of his arm from long-standing disease was attributable to the miraculous influence of the Madonna, who, he asserted, had appeared to him bodily on the window-panes of his own abode, the rumor of this "miracle" attracted crowds of devout worshipers to the spot. There, facing the small dwelling, with foreheads bared to the sun, the prostrate pilgrims did not fail to see the vision of the Madonna, angels, saints, and even the Almighty himself. The police thought to dispel attention by removing the panes from the windows and substituting instead a couple of deal boards. But the visionaries saw the same sights and described the same personages even after the planks had been put up.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

THE positions gained by Butler's and Meade's armies on the right and left flanks have been substantially maintained. The enemy has been compelled to assume the offensive, but in none of his attacks has he succeeded in gaining any advantage, while his loss has been greater than ours. The actions since Grant began to move may be summed up as follows:

Thursday, September 29, the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps attacked and carried the outermost intrenchments of Richmond, near Chapin's Farm and at New Market Heights. Considerable loss attended the engagements, especially in the unsuccessful attempt to carry Fort Gilmer and Laurel Hill.

On the same day Kautz, moving around to the right and up the Darbytown or Central Road, made an important reconnoissance, which disclosed the remarkable fact that the enemy had on that road no formidable defenses until within four miles of Richmond. Indeed, Kautz, in his reconnoissance, passed even this line without resistance, and reached the toll-gate only two or three miles southeast of Richmond. Terry's (First) division of the Tenth Corps was sent, while the fight at Laurel Hill was going on, to the support of Kautz. At sunset this advanced column fell back again, the cavalry maintaining its position near the Central Road, on the extreme right. The extreme left also was refused, as the rebel gun-boats on the James commanded the advanced position in that direction; but all the fortifications taken were held and strengthened.

On Friday, the 30th, the enemy, strongly reinforced, attacked the position and attempted to break the Federal lines where the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps joined. Two assaults were made and repulsed. Here the rebel loss was large—not less than 1000 men. 200 rebels, including 20 officers, were captured.

On Saturday it rained, and the state of the roads prevented any operations with infantry. But Terry and Kautz, on the right, pushed out to and up the Darbytown Road on another reconnoissance—a movement which was necessary to guard against a flank movement of the enemy.

It was evident that Lee would next attack on our extreme right, and so it proved. Two divisions confronting Butler's left at Chapin's Farm were transferred to the Darbytown Road. On Friday, October 7, an attack was made at this point early in the morning, and Kautz, opposed to a force of four to five thousand men, and having less than two thousand, was compelled to fall back. In retiring he passed through swampy ground, and left behind him eight rifled guns. His loss was about 300 men. The rebels pursued, and attacked Birney's line. On the right of this line was Terry's division, two brigades of which were advanced a short distance to the right of their breastworks, where they awaited the enemy. A deliberate fire put Hoke and Field's lines in confusion, but they re-formed again and made a fresh attack, and were a second time repulsed. Throwing up some intrenchments the rebels moved further round, as if to flank Birney's right. At this juncture Terry advanced upon their rear, and flanking them out of their position drove them from the field. The rebel loss, according to Butler's estimate, was 1200. The Federal loss was 400, and the eight guns. The position which had been yielded was more strongly held after the battle. The rebel papers admit the loss of General Gregg, of Texas, killed; and Brigadier-General Bratton severely wounded.

Meade advanced, September 30, and carried a fortified position at Peebles's Farm, some distance west of the Weldon Road. The enemy then fell back on his intrenchments covering the Southside Railroad. The Ninth Corps had the advance as Meade followed the enemy up to his works. An attack was made, which proved unsuccessful; and the rebels, making a counter-charge, penetrated between the Fifth and Ninth Corps, and captured a large number of prisoners.

On Saturday, October 1, an attack was made by the enemy on Ayres's division of the Fifth Corps. The rebels were severely repulsed. On the afternoon Hampton's rebel cavalry attacked Gregg, and was driven back with great loss.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Not driven back by any reverse, but in subserviency to General Grant's plans against Richmond, Sheridan is returning down the Valley. On the 7th his command had reached Woodstock. Before retiring he had destroyed the grain and forage in the vicinity; and he says that, "In moving back to this point [Woodstock] the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made entirely untenable for a rebel army." We make the following extracts from his dispatch:

"I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep.

"This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley, as well as the main Valley.

"A large number of horses have been obtained, a proper estimate of which I can not now make.

"Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned.

"Since I came into the Valley from Harper's Ferry every train, every small party, and every straggler, has been bushwhacked by the people, many of whom have protection-passes from commanders who have been hitherto in that Valley.

"The people here are getting sick of the war. Heretofore they have had no reason to complain, because they have been living in great abundance."

A later dispatch, dated October 9, at Strasburg, gives information of an important victory over the enemy's cavalry on the 8th. Says Sheridan:

"In coming back to this point I was not followed up until late yesterday, when a large force of cavalry appeared in my rear. I then halted my command to offer battle by attacking the enemy. I became satisfied that it was only all the rebel cavalry of the Valley, commanded by Rosser, and directed Torbert to attack at daylight this morning, and finish this 'savior of the Valley.' The attack was handsomely made. Custar, commanding the Third Cavalry Division, charged on the back road, and Merritt, commanding the First Cavalry Division, on the Strasburg pike. Merritt captured five pieces of artillery. Custar captured six pieces of artillery with caissons, battery forge, etc. The two divisions captured forty-seven wagons, ambulances, etc. Among the wagons captured are the head-quarters wagons of Rosser, Lomax, Wickman, and Colonel Pollard. The number of prisoners will be about 330.

"The enemy after being charged by our gallant cavalry were broken and ran. They were followed by our men on the jump 26 miles through Mount Jackson, and across the north fork of the Shenandoah."

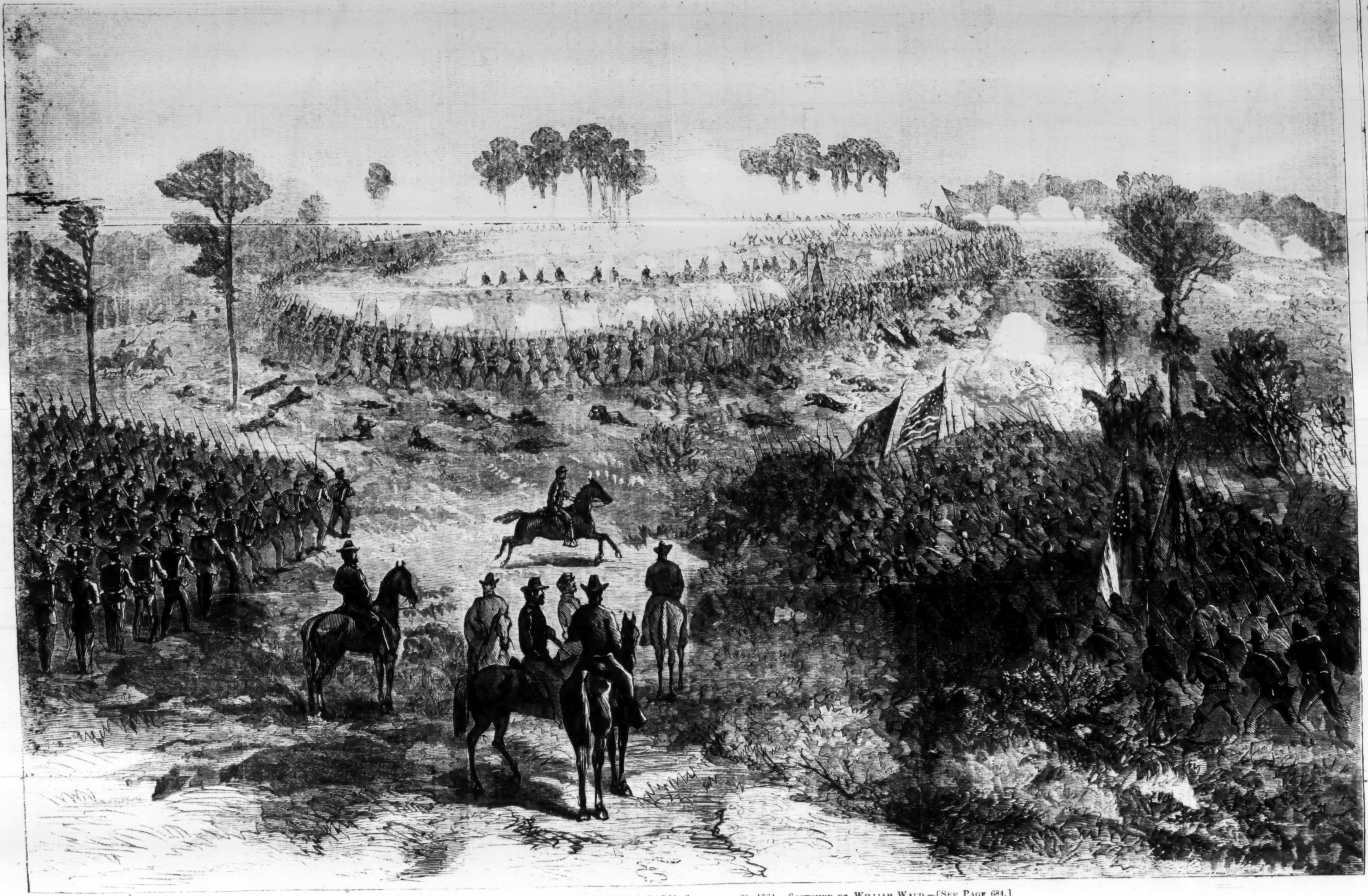
GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hood having dispatched a large force to make a detour across the Chattahoochee and on Sherman's rear, the latter sent General Thomas to attend to Forrest, taking upon himself the responsibility of attending to Hood's flank movements. Forrest has been compelled to recross the Tennessee; and an important victory was gained by Sherman over the rebels in his rear at Allatoona. The following is General Sherman's dispatch:

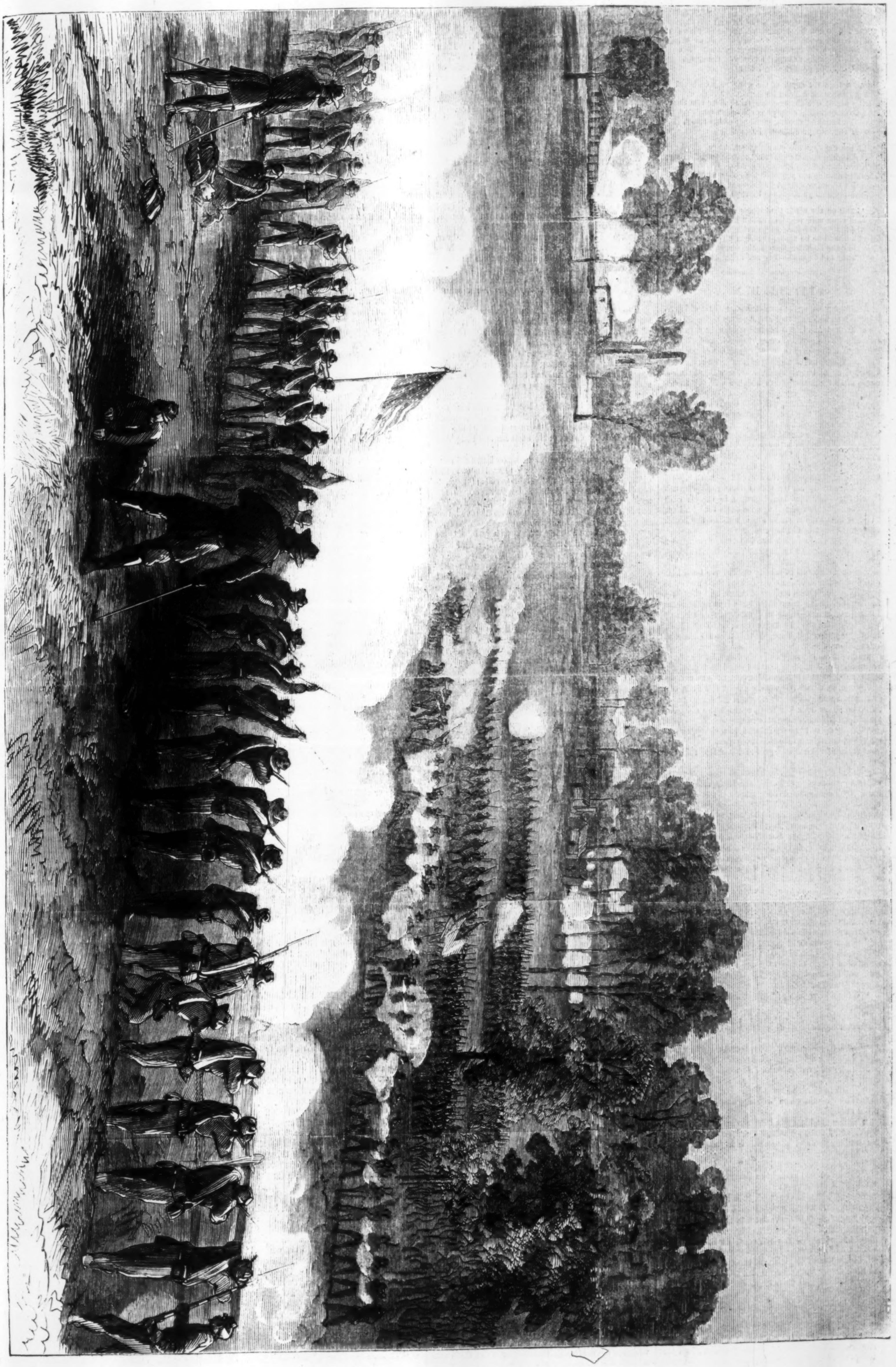
"I reached the Kenesaw Mountain October 6, just in time to witness at a distance the attack on Allatoona. I had anticipated this attack, and had ordered from Rome General Corse with reinforcements. The attack was met and repulsed, the enemy losing some 200 dead, and more than 1000 wounded and prisoners. Our loss was about 700 in the aggregate. The enemy captured the small garrisons at Big Shanty and Ackworth, and burned about seven miles of our railroad; but we have at Allatoona and Atlanta an abundance of provisions. Hood, observing our approach, has moved rapidly back to Dallas and Van Wert, and I am watching him in case he tries to reach Kingston or Rome. Atlanta is perfectly secure to us, and this army is better off than in camp."

THE INVASION OF MISSOURI.

Brigadier-General Ewing has arrived at Rolla. We are able to give a detailed account of his defense of Pilot Knob. He reached that post September 25, and with a garrison of 1000 men undertook to hold his ground against Price's far superior force. The position is entirely indefensible, as it is surrounded on all sides by elevations which command it. General Price attempted an advance into the valley, and was terribly beaten, but gaining the mountain sides, he compelled Ewing to evacuate. On the way to Rolla Ewing was surrounded, and came near being captured. He escaped, however, by the aid of forces sent to his assistance. On the 7th the rebels made a demonstration against Jefferson City, but this proved only a feint to occupy our forces while they crossed the Osage River. During the night they pressed westward. Price's army is estimated at 20,000 strong, with from 16 to 25 cannon. On the morning of the 8th General Pleasanton arrived, and assuming command followed the rebels with about 8000 cavalry.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.—THE BATTLE AT CHAPIN'S FARM, SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE REBEL ASSAULT AND ATTEMPT TO RECAPTURE FORT HARRISON, September 30, 1864.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 684.]

THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

I HAVE painted the woods, I have kindled the sky,
I have brightened the hills with a glance of mine eye;
I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the corn,
And now from the earth must her verdure be torn.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

No more from the depth of the grove may be heard
The joy-burdened song of its fluttering bird;
I have passed o'er the branches that shelter him there,
And their quivering drapery is shaken to air.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

Plead not the days are yet sunny and long,
That your hues are still bright'ning, your fibres still strong;
To vigor and beauty, relentless am I—
There is nothing too young or too lovely to die.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

And I call on the winds that repose in the north,
To send their wild voices in unison forth;
Let the harp of the tempest be dolefully strung—
There's a wail to be made, there's a dirge to be sung;
For the lingering flowers, the leaves of the spray,
They are doomed—they are dying away! away!

LITTLE BEN.

ABOUT a year ago, more or less, a little old gentleman was walking in Fifth Avenue in the city of New York. He had a hooked nose with a pair of gold spectacles perched on the top of it, and a brown wig with a fine curl in the very middle of his forehead. His shirt was quite clean, but very much tumbled up at the wristbands. He walked with a cane, after a queer fashion which I will try to describe. He put the cane to the ground with a smart rap, then looked at it, with his bushy black eyebrows puckered together into what seemed a terrible frown, and took two short, quick steps. At the next two steps he would flourish the cane vigorously, making a figure 8 in the air, at the same time glancing upward, with all the puckers smoothed out of his brows; and so on, up and down, rap and flourish, until he got to the end of his journey.

It happened, as he was crossing Eighteenth Street and making a tremendous 8 in the air with his cane, that his eye fell upon a little bit of a boy, playing ball with a small stone against the blank side-wall of one of the houses.

The poor little fellow had but two garments—a ragged shirt with no buttons and only half a sleeve, and a pair of trowsers which were so large that the whole of his morsel of a body could have been hidden in one leg of them. As it was, they were tied round his waist with a piece of twine, and rolled up in the legs. His poor little bare feet and ankles looked red and cold, as well as dirty; and it was very fortunate that he had such a shock of thick, tangled hair on his head, for that was all the hat or cap he owned.

But, spite of his rags and nakedness, he was happy as a king, darting here and there like lightning, and counting out triumphantly every time he caught the stone, until, at the very moment the little old gentleman was passing, he made a miss, and away flew the stone over his head, and hit the old gentleman on the end of his hooked nose.

"Mercy on us!" he exclaimed, in a sharp, cracked voice, which sounded like a popgun.

"Where did that ball go to? hang it!" said the boy.

"What do you mean by knocking people's noses off in broad daylight?" cried the little old gentleman. "You'll come to the gallows if you go on in this way. Mercy on us!"

He rubbed his long hooked nose; while the boy, pushing away the tangled yellow hair from his brow, looked up frightened; but when he saw a pair of gray, twinkling eyes bent down on him, and a kind smile on the old man's countenance, another smile broke out in his beautiful little face—beautiful through all the dirt and neglect—and he said,

"I'm sorry I hit you. I didn't mean to. Let me clean your boots, Sir; they is awful dirty."

Then the little old gentleman saw that he had a small wooden box, with brushes and blacking; and looking down at his old-fashioned round-toed shoes, said "Mercy on us!" again, like another popgun. "Why, so they are dirty! To—be—sure!" Then, what does he do but put up one of his feet on the box, and the next moment the boy was spitting on his brush and rubbing away for dear life.

"What's your name?" asked the little old gentleman presently.

"Ben," answered the child, looking up. "What made you say I should come to the gallows? I ain't cheating."

"Well, to—be—sure. That was wrong in me. I shall buy you a ball. You mustn't be pounding people's houses with stones. It won't do. Where do you live?"

"Down in Centre Street."

"Why do you come 'way up here? It is two miles at least."

"'Cause the big boys beat me away from down town, and I must go where I can get some money for mother, you see, 'cause Bill is in prison."

"In prison? What for?"

"Lor bless you, for prigging."

"Mercy on us!" cried the little old gentleman. "What does that mean?"

"Stealing," said the child, in a low voice, looking down, and working very hard at the other shoe.

"Mercy on us!" came out this time more like a popgun than ever—the little old gentleman was so shocked; then, after a moment, he drew a long breath, and said "to—be—sure;" and then he added, in a solemn tone, with all the twinkle gone out of his eyes—"But *you* are not a thief, are you?"

"O Lor, no! I don't know enough for that."

"Poor little man!" said the old gentleman. "God grant you never may know enough. Are there any more of you?"

"Yes; my sister, Fighting Bet. I hate her. She punches my head agin the wall every chance she can get. She would burn a house down for ten-pence."

"Oh, oh! what do I hear?" said the little old gentleman. "It is dreadful!" Then seeing that his shoes were finished, and shining like jet, he put his hand in his pocket and took out first a ten-cent stamp. "That's to buy a ball," he said. Then bringing out a well-worn black pocket-book, he took from thence a dollar bill with a portrait of Mr. Chase on it, which some funny fellow had ornamented with an immense pair of mustaches, and handing that also to the ragged, barefooted child, told him to buy himself with it a pair of shoes.

"Why, you're crazy, ain't you?" exclaimed the boy, as soon as he could close his mouth after the gape of astonishment this munificent gift had caused. "Really though, do you mean it?"

"Mean it, my poor boy! To—be—sure; and—and—good-by."

He walked off, his under lip trembling, and the great frown coming deeper than ever as he brought his cane with a rap to the ground, while it did not clear away as well as usual with the next two steps, and the flourish of the figure of 8 in the air.

Before he had taken six steps little Ben sat down on his box. He drew in his breath with a long sigh; then another still longer, and then he broke into a furious passion of crying, smearing the great tears all over his face with his little dirty brown hands, and sobbing as though his heart would break.

No one noticed him. Presently a cross-looking servant girl came out of a low area door in the side of the house with a pan of coal ashes. *She* saw little Ben crying, and bawled at him: "Go away, you little wretch; go 'long with you!" shaking her fist at him. Then, seeing that he did not move at once, she rushed at him, and cuffed his ears so hard that she knocked him quite over.

"You stop now, will you?" screamed the child, catching up his box by the long strap, and swinging it round till it came with a sounding whack against her shoulders; then running off at the top of his speed, he did not stop until he was completely out of breath.

But what was the matter with the little old gentleman's eyes as he walked away? He twitched off his spectacles, and taking a large red silk pocket-handkerchief out of his pocket, began rubbing them, as if *they* were to blame, holding his cane straight out before him. Then he rubbed the end of his Roman nose, as if he was worried about the state of his eyes, which were shining with a watery brightness which was very unusual and surprising; and then he exclaimed,

"Mercy on us! mercy on us! mercy on us!" three times to himself, in such a little soft voice that the words did not sound this time in the least like popguns; and after he had blown his nose, and put on his spectacles, he brought his cane with a rap to the ground and a "To—be—sure."

Before little Ben went home he bought a nice India-rubber ball with his ten cents, and tossed it in the air as he walked, singing, "My name it is Joe Bowers," at the top of his voice, for he had forgotten his tears in a very little while.

This boy was born in a cellar in the Five Points, amidst scenes of squalid poverty and all manner of wickedness.

Ben's parents were miserable people, who starved when they had no money, and lay stupid and senseless with poisonous gin when they had chanced to earn or beg a few shillings.

Haggard, brutal-looking men and women live all around, and swarms of wretched children, screaming and fighting continually, fill the crooked, dirty streets of this dreadful Five Points. The houses, some of them quite large, are rotten and mouldering with age and decay. All manner of filth lies putrefying in the gutters, and the very cats, which dart to and fro from one crazy den to another, are gaunt and hideous with famine.

No wonder that little Ben at eight years of age was a lean and shrunken child, between hard blows and slow starvation. What he earned was taken away from him every night when he was asleep on the bundle of straw that served him for a bed.

He only cleaned one other pair of boots that day, for which he was paid the usual five cents. With it he went into a low eating-house and bought a slice of bread and a bit of cooked ham. This he carefully stowed away in the pocket of the old pantaloons along with the precious dollar. Ben did not dream for a moment of spending it in buying shoes; he meant to give it to his mother, whom the poor little fellow loved because once in a great while she kissed him.

On his way home he met half a dozen other boot-blacks, who immediately set upon him in a body; pinching his ears, pulling his hair, calling him a sneak, regretting that he had no cap on his head so that they might snatch it off and toss it sky-high; and desiring to be informed when he was to be hung, as they wished to be present at the ceremony.

The tormented boy became crimsoned with fury, but fearing for his dollar, he raised his arms to defend his head and answered back not a word, till watching his chance he broke from them and ran for his life.

Presently he turned into one of the wretched streets of the Five Points. Stopping before one of the houses, he stepped cautiously down the slimy, muddy steps, but being breathless and unsteady with running his foot slipped from the last one, and he fell against the miserable cellar-door, bursting it open.

"What's that?" cried a man, starting fiercely up and coming toward the door. He was a great, ill-looking fellow. "Can't you walk straight, you clumsy brat?" and he gave the child a blow which sent him staggering against the opposite wall.

"Why don't you let the boy alone?" growled his mother, who was cowering over a battered and empty stove. "I never see such a brute as you are."

The walls and ceiling were perfectly black with age. In one corner was a heap of mouldy straw, with some rags thrown over it by way of covering. By the side of the stove were two wooden boxes which answered for chairs, and near one of them was a black bottle smelling of whisky. An old frying-pan, rusty for want of use, and a tin mug, stood just within the chimney—and that was all.

The miserable boy stood crying where his cruel parent had thrown him, not daring to approach him.

He soon went softly up to his mother, and showed her the dollar.

"A *dollar!*" she screamed, clutching it—"a *dollar!* Where did you steal it?"

"I didn't steal it!" cried Ben, indignantly. "An old cove gave it to me himself; he told me to buy shoes with it; but I'll give it all to you, mother, if you want it."

"Want it? *want it?* Oh, won't we have a jolly time! Here, Jim," she continued, holding it out to the man, "go and get some wood, and half a peck of coal, and get this filled"—handing him the bottle—"and get some meat, too, d'ye hear? I'm hungry." And she rolled her eyes and rubbed her hands in joyful anticipation of the coming warmth and feast; then suddenly she drew Ben to her and kissed him.

The child's poor little thin arms went curling round her neck, and he piteously murmured, "Oh, mother, why don't you be kind to me all the time like this?"

"Because I'm such a wicked woman," she groaned, shuddering. "But, Lor, Ben, you mustn't mind if I hit you when I'm tipsy. I don't mean it, boy. Don't you cry now, don't!"

Luckily the refreshments coming in at this moment diverted Ben from his tears; and very soon a fire was burning in the rickety old stove, and the battered tin cup was doing duty on it, heating water, but not for tea; though Jim, foreseeing that the cellar would soon be pitch dark, as the sun was now setting, had added a tallow-candle to the rest of his purchases. This was stuck in a hole in the floor, for candlestick there was none; and soon the three were eating bread and smoked herring, tearing at both with their fingers with avidity. Jim had borrowed a cracked tumbler from an up-stairs neighbor, and in this he mixed some hot whisky-and-water for each in turn, Ben drinking like the rest until his eyes grew heavy, and then closed.

Jim and his wretched wife finished the whisky between them—this time without quarreling—and by midnight were going off in a series of short naps, sitting on the wooden boxes, tumbling forward and raising themselves up with sudden jerks and moans, till at last they fell upon the floor.

If the little old gentleman could have foreseen what would be done with his dollar, I really think he would have popped out his "Mercy on us!" like a whole pack of fire-crackers instead of one popgun; and I am sure Mr. Chase, who looks like an excellent good man, if one may judge by his portrait on the dollar bills, would rather have burned up his money, or made a real "shinplaster" of it, than have had it put to such a miserable use.

Ben woke the next morning feeling stupid and sick; but he got quietly up while his parents were still sleeping, and taking his box and brushes, went softly out, eating the ham and bread which he had bought the day before. He went immediately up to the same place on Fifth Avenue, hoping to see his friend; but no little old gentleman came along flourishing his cane on that day, or on many other days, though Ben watched for him eagerly.

But one day he did come, wig, cane, and all, just the same as before; and Ben, running up, his dirty but beautiful face in a glow of delight, cried out,

"See, Sir; here's my ball; I gave the ten-pence for it."

The poor child was as ragged as ever, and barefooted of course.

"But where are the shoes I gave you the money to buy?"

"I give the dollar to my mother."

"And what did she do with it?"

Ben looked down, and said, in a low voice, "Got tipsy."

"Mercy on us!" cried the little old gentleman, "what *are* we to do with such wicked people?"

"Bet is in the hospital," said the boy.

"Who's Bet?" asked the little old gentleman; for he had forgotten.

"Bet's my sister."

"Oh! How did she come there?"

"Well, she was a fighting, and she got her head broke with a brick-bat; and the pleeseman came to stop it, and he got kicked, and then they took Bet to the hospital."

"Mercy on us!" said the little old gentleman; then speaking quite sharp, to hide how nearly he was crying, "Here you, boy," he said, "come along with me!"

He hastened down the side street to Sixth Avenue and got into a car, telling Ben to follow. And so Ben took his first ride!

They rode as far as the cars went, then walked a little way to a hotel, where, by paying for it, the old gentleman soon had ready a nice bath of piping warm water, soap, and towels.

"Come, Ben," he said, "take off your clothes, jump in here and scrub yourself well; and I'll wait for you in the next room."

No sooner said than done; for Ben, in a state of delightful wonder at such fine things, soon slipped out of the ragged shirt with one sleeve and the big trowsers, and had a warm bath for the first time in his life. A ride and a bath! would wonders ever cease?

You never saw such a bright, handsome face as came out of that bath-room half an hour afterward! To be sure the ragged clothes looked doleful and dirty, and Ben hated to put them on his clean white body. But never mind! Just wait a bit.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the queer little old gentleman when Ben came up to him; "what a difference, and how clean you are! You perfectly smell of soap and water. Poor little fellow! to—be—sure."

They hurried out and went up Broadway to Mr. Brooks's great ready-made clothing-store, Ben walking on the very tips of his toes to keep his feet clean.

"Have you ready-made boys' clothes?"

"Thousands of them," answered the clerk, with a very polite bow.

"Well, take this boy's measure for a strong, dark suit. Put them on him, and tie up his old clothes in a bundle, if you please."

"Yes, Sir, certainly," said the clerk, with another polite bow. Then he took Ben into a small room, and bringing out his long piece of yellow tape proceeded to measure the boy in every direction. Presently he darted out and said to the old gentleman, "Did you mean shirt, stockings, pocket-handkerchief, cap, and all, Sir?"

"Mercy on us! do you keep all those things too?"

"Every article in the line, Sir, cheap for cash. They all come into the clothing department, you know, Sir."

"To—be—sure. Certainly. How about shoes?"

"We can send for a pair, and have them here in five minutes."

"Poor little boy," said the old gentleman; "he shall have them all. Get the shoes, too, if you please."

The clerk said to himself it was all "jolly queer," but none of his business if funny old chaps chose to pick up beggars and rig them out from top to toe; so he grinned and bowed, and went back to Ben, tickled his feet by measuring them too, and sent a boy to the nearest shoe store with an order and the measure.

Then he got out of a great pile a nice little white shirt, and told Ben to put it on.

"Is it to be mine, Sir?" asked Ben, his whole face in a glow of wonder and joy.

"I rather think it is," said the clerk. "That old chap, your grandfather, told me to give it to you."

"He's not my grandfather—he's my *friend*," said Ben. "I'm only a poor boy."

"Oh!" said the clerk, who knew perfectly well that the old gentleman was not his grandfather, "then you're a lucky chap, for you are to have a complete rig out like a dandy, all except pomatum for your hair, and cologne for your pocket-handkerchief; we don't sell those, I'm sorry to say."

Ben never suspected that the clerk was laughing at him. He was in a bewildered maze of ecstasy and delight as article after article was handed to him, ending with the shoes which the boy had brought in, and which exactly fitted.

And now he stood completely dressed, his face flushed, his eyes wildly bright, his hands trembling.

When he came out the funny little old gentleman did not know him; and when he came softly up and said, "Please, Sir, thank you, Sir, here I am."

"Mercy on us!" cried the old gentleman; "to—be—sure."

He paid for the clothes with some bills which had Mr. Chase's portrait on them.

Ben thought it must have been a hundred dollars at least that he had to give, and he said, timidly, "I'll brush your boots as long as I live, Sir. I love you. You are kind and good."

Upon this the little old gentleman winked very hard, for his eyes had become suddenly dim, and said, "To—be—sure," in a whisper, to himself.

They went out, Ben with his old rags of clothes and his blacking-box and brushes, all tied up together in brown paper, and the old gentleman, who seemed perfectly crazy about Ben, took him next to a barber.

"Cut this boy's hair, if you please," he said; and very soon Ben was thoroughly re-made.

The barber lifted Ben upon a high chair, and pinned a great towel around his neck; then, taking a comb and pair of scissors, began snip, snip, snipping, until the long tangled hair covered his shoulders. Then he rubbed something that smelled deliciously on Ben's head, and, taking the comb, with one flourish he made a beautiful parting at the side; then he brushed, and brushed, till the short wavy locks shone bright and golden.

He was a beautiful child. Thin and pale certainly, but with a sweet, gentle expression.

And the little old gentleman loved the child. He was such a simple old fellow that he quite wondered that Ben should love him; and as they trudged away from the barber's he kept glancing at the boy's happy face, and thinking to himself, "It's a great thing to have a child love you. To—be—sure!"

"Where do you live, Ben?" he asked, presently.

"Down in the Five Points, Sir."

"Will you take me there? I want to speak to your mother."

So they walked a little farther down Broadway, and in five minutes more they were at the steps which led to the cellar. Men, women, and children, fierce and ragged, watched them all the way, and one of the miserable children stole the old gentleman's red silk pocket-handkerchief.

"May I call you my friend?" asked Ben, timidly, of the old gentleman.

"To—be—sure," said the old gentleman.

They opened the battered door, and went into the dismal place.

"What do you want?" asked a gruff voice.

"It's me, father! it's me, mother!" exclaimed Ben; "and this is my friend who gave me all these nice clothes, and the dollar, and the India-rubber ball!"

The man came forward, caught Ben roughly by the arm, twisted and twirled him round, and then ungraciously said,

"You'd better have given him money. What's the use of fine duds to the likes of him?"

"Who's talking?" muttered a voice in the corner, and Ben's mother lifted her head from the straw on which she was lying. "Who's that? What do those people want here?"

"It's me, mother; your Ben!" said the child, going close to her.

"*My* boy! *my* Ben! Why, who's been doing this to you?" touching his clothes and clean face.

"MY FRIEND."

"What! that old man? God bless you, Sir!" said the woman; "though it's queer how you came to do it. I'll make him take 'em off when he goes to brush boots."

"Mercy on us! I don't want him to take them off!" cried the old gentleman. "I want him to go to school, and I will help you and your husband to get work, and to live in comfort, if you will promise me to keep sober and be honest."

"That I will!" cried the woman, bursting into tears.

The old gentleman tore a page out of his memorandum-book, wrote on it where he lived, and placed it in the woman's hands; then telling Ben to come to him before nine o'clock the next day, he hurried out of the place with many extra flourishes of his cane, and got safely back to Broadway.

"Mercy on us!" he ejaculated, "what a home! Ben shall come away. I'll have him educated; and with God's blessing he will grow up a good man. To—be—sure!"

He felt for his pocket-handkerchief to polish his spectacles, which somehow had gotten very dim.

"Mercy on us! they've stolen it!"

That night, when little Ben was asleep, his father took his new clothes and pawned them for drink. His mother begged him to leave them alone; but in vain. The brown paper was torn off, and the old rags placed by his side; and when poor little Ben awoke the next morning the shirt without a sleeve and the big trowsers were all he saw.

He rose, his heart beating wildly, and hunted in every corner of the wretched room. They were gone. He stood one moment perfectly still, as if turned to stone. Then he began to draw his breath in long sighs—longer and longer yet—and then broke into frantic screams and cries.

His father awoke, furious at having his sleep disturbed.

"You'd better be quiet," he cried, in a savage voice, shaking his fist at him.

"Give me my new clothes!" screamed the child. "Give them to me!"

"You'll never see them again. Go 'long out and black boots."

All at once the boy became silent. He put on the ragged clothes, but did not take his box or brushes, and went up the steps, saying to himself, "I'll go right to my friend and tell him."

His father heard him, and starting up to his feet he rushed after him, shouting, "No, you won't go to your friend!"

Furious with passion and drink, he seized his little son Ben by the arms, and, swinging him high above his head, hurled him down the stone steps.

One piteous moan, one quiver of the little wasted frame, and the child lay quite still.

"Why, what's the matter with Ben?" asked his mother, seeing him lying so still and white on the straw.

"He fell down the steps," said the father.

Something in the tone of his voice excited her suspicion, and looking keenly at him she cried,

"*You* threw him down. You know you did."

He went up the steps and soon brought back a Dispensary doctor.

The miserable child was examined with gentleness and care by the doctor, who found that his collar-bone and one of his legs were broken.

"He must be taken to the hospital," he said. "I will send men and a litter."

And so poor little Ben, almost murdered by his father, was carried off to the hospital; while his parents, afraid of the little old gentleman, moved immediately away to another cellar, in another street, telling no one where they were going.

And when Ben's "friend," wondering why the boy did not come to him, ventured once more into the Five Points, he could not find the child or his parents, or any one who knew any thing about them. And he walked sadly away, saying, "Mercy on us! what a world it is! Where is the pretty little boy? I meant to be so kind to him. To—be—sure."

Weeks passed, but poor little Ben still lay in his bed at the hospital. His constitution had received such a shock that he could not rally, and the bitter thought of his father's awful cruelty ate into his heart like a cancer.

Every body was kind to him. The nurse seemed to feel more tender and compassionate every day. The oldest and roughest among the patients in the ward where he lay would ask him how he felt in the morning.

One day, when his mother was with him, he threw his arms passionately round her neck and burst into tears, crying, "If I could only see him—oh, if I could only see him! I am dying, and I don't want to die without seeing *my friend.*"

The woman sobbed. "Oh, don't say you're dying," she cried, "my darling, my own little Ben! I will never be cross to you again. And I'll go for the old gentleman; he will make you better."

She kissed him, and went out. But though she ran all the way to the old gentleman's house she did not find him at home. She waited an hour, and he did not come; then she left a message, repeating it over and over to the servant, entreating the old gentleman not to lose a moment when he knew who wanted him.

It was night before he came home, for he had dined with a friend.

"What!" he said to the servant, "my little Ben! Dying? Get me a coach, quick! Mercy on us! Oh dear! oh dear!"

It was against the rules to admit visitors at night, but the little old gentleman got in, and was soon at the bedside of the dying boy.

He was already too far gone to speak; but he threw his wasted arms around the neck of his dear old friend, and patted his withered cheek; then feeling under his pillow, he took out a *small India-rubber ball*, and holding it up, smiled in his face.

It was too much. The little old gentleman pushing away his spectacles, cried and sobbed like a child; while Ben stroked his kind face with his small, trembling hand, trying to comfort him; then drawing the old man's cheek close to his, with great difficulty he murmured,

"Good-by, *my friend.*"

The arm dropped powerless, and the child turned his face away. Closing his eyes, he fell asleep; and when the old gentleman took the small hand gently in his it was already cold. For little Ben was dead.

THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

I SAW an angel, in my sleep,
  Pass out of the celestial town;
By golden stair and starry keep
  This angel of the Lord came down.

He kindled into purple flame
  His pathway through the cloven sky,
This angel of the Lord, that came
  To where a little child did lie.

I saw their faces, near and clear,
  His was the child's, the child's was his;
O babe, the mother-lips are dear—
  Now you shall taste an angel's kiss!

I look'd again, and in my dream
  I saw the angel and the child
Pass, hand in hand, athwart the gleam
  Of innermost Paradise undefiled,

On to the Throne. They shall behold
  The Father's lighted face alway.
Mother, the little limbs are cold;
  Your angel-baby died to-day!

MAD ANNETTE.

MOST persons have paused for an hour or two on the road between Paris and London to lounge round the quaint old sea-port town of Dieppe. We, at least, did give so much time to the port as was necessary to note these its peculiarities before wending our onward way to Paris: and we did even more than this. Securing the guidance of a gray-haired hanger-on of the church, we mounted up many foot-scooped steps, and through an atmosphere containing as much dust as oxygen to the topmost platform of the roof. The view was worth the trouble. Right below the tower market men and women, in their blue and red clothes, were hurrying hither and thither over the place, and filling the clear fresh morning air with their chaffering cries. From a thicket of black masts and cordage rose the chimneys of the packet that had carried us over the kindly sea; which sea spread blue and placid till it was lost in the curve of the earth. The tall cones of the castle seemed to belong to another age, and made me think for a moment whether I wore the colors of the Bearnais or of Mayenne—no light matter when to wear the wrong ones was death. But the cicerone recalled me from the past by calling attention to a spick-and-span new house, in a quarter where bright red walls and green shutters were more frequent than the older yellow plaster, and exclaiming, with civic exultation, "See there the house of the Prefect!"

"And look there, Martin," cried one of my companions, "down there between the trees in that sort of close. There's that crazy woman who was at the porch when we came in."

"Ah! it is mad Annette that you regard down there, monsieur. Yes, she is truly droll; but it is sad, it is very sad that, if monsieur knew the history."

"A story! By all means; out with it, old Cockywax!"

"Comment, monsieur?"

"Jack, don't be absurd. If you would have the obligingness to recount the story it would give us much pleasure to hear."

"But below, monsieur means to say, without doubt."

But we all agreed that we were very well off where we were. The sun was not too hot: we were out of the immediate influence of the smells: each had a preparation of tobacco to consume. So, one sitting on the top step of the stairs, another on a perilous piece of balustrade, and a third on the ancient lead, our guide began his story of the mad woman. I can not pretend to repeat it with half the vividness of the original narrator. It must lose much in translation; more from want of accent and gesticulation. The old man was really no mean "conteur."

As we had seen, the poor mad woman was not at all dangerous; she never did any harm. There was no reason at all why she should not be allowed the liberty she had. She had a friend—the husband, indeed, of her sister—who was very good to her, and gave her a home and food and clothing. And many were ready to help her, for they knew her sad story. But how did she become mad? Yes, that is the important part of the tale. Twenty years ago she was not mad at all: she was the prettiest, merriest, brightest girl in all Dieppe. And as old Pochon, her father, was one of the most flourishing fishermen in all the Quartier de Pollet, it was hardly necessary to say that Annette and her sister Marie were very popular with all the lads, and were much envied by all those damsels whose eyes were less bright, whose skin was less clear, and whose ear-rings were less massive. Marie was soon disposed of to the worthy Pierre, who had a shop in the town, and who was still the generous maintainer of his afflicted sister. But Annette, much to the confusion of all the sturdy Dieppois, showed no favor to any one of them. Not that she was inclined to celibacy. There was a certain Bobbe Carreterre (it is all but impossible to suggest the manner of the enunciation of this name), who, I am sorry to say, was an Englishman. This Carreterre was huge of body and strong of limb; and on the occasion of the periodical visits of the brig in which he served to Dieppe, made great havoc among the hearts of the young fisherwomen. At last he paid peculiar and special attentions to Annette Pochon, and met with nothing like a rebuff. The old guide could well remember how he had seen the pair strolling on the beach—he big and burly, with light-brown hair knotted on his round head in thick close-cropped curls, and brown shiny skin, towering above the smaller race of Frenchmen: she, with little trim figure, fresh and clean in blue woolen skirt and starched cap, with great black eyes that were always meeting the gray ones of the perfidious Briton and never said any thing but "I trust you." He also remembered how once, when Carter's ship was expected in the port, Annette would watch on the quay for hours; and how, when the good brig was really within a few yards of land, and but for some almost miraculous mishap would in a few moments be safely moored in still water, she ran to her home, and hid herself in the inner room in maiden bashfulness. And now Carter was mate of the brig, and gave his word that when he should next come to Dieppe he must return with Annette as his wife to his own land, and that she should be taken to see his mother and his home, as well as the wonders of London, and that then the locality of their future abode might be decided upon. In three weeks he might be expected in Dieppe again.

Old Pochon affirmed, quite confidently, "That is a man in whom we may put trust: that face can not be the face of a liar. He says, 'Annette, do you love me with all your heart?' She says, 'Robert, what shall I do to prove my love?' 'When I come to fetch you, shall you be very happy, and shall you be ready to come to me directly?' 'When you come to fetch me, whenever it may be, I will spring forward to meet you, and no one shall ever make me distrust you.'"

If her own father had confidence, what availed the fears of the neighbors? The old guide had never liked that Carreterre, but what was he but a grumbler? Things must take their course without interference. And, in truth, nobody had any thing very valid to urge against the match.

It is not difficult to imagine the excited eagerness with which Annette looked forward to the expiration of the allotted period. Never was there a more joyous bride. No letters passed between the parties; indeed it was improbable that either of them could write. At the end of the third week the collier by which Carter was to have traveled as a passenger appeared in the port, but no Carter was on board: nor had the collier's skipper had any dealings with any man answering to the faithless mate's description. After the first shock, Annette refused to allow that she was in the least degree doubtful. Of course he would come: of course some unforeseen hindrance had kept him from coming as he had proposed. Her friends were not sanguine, but she would permit no questioning. A week went by: Annette began to look a little sad. Another week: blue lines rose round her dark eyes. A third: and Annette moved and spoke and looked in such a miserable, apathetic, lack-lustre way that all her friends grew seriously frightened for her health. She would stray up and down the beach and the port for hours and hours together, always declaring that she was looking for her Robert—always quite sure that he would come—only let them give him time: she trusted him.

So two months went by. And though, indeed, on the one subject of her faithless lover's return she was then already crazed, no one regarded her state as being worse than one of fresh and unhealed grief—a state remediable by lapse of time and new associations. "Poor girl!" said the neighbors; and Annette received their pity very kindly and very impassibly, only saying, "I know he will come to fetch me; and when I see him I shall go to him." And of course Carter never came: he was never seen or heard of at Dieppe again. And now more than four months had gone by. Annette's wanderings became longer and more dreamy. Nothing done by her father or her friends availed to break her sorrowful stupor. Backward and forward on the shore of the much-sounding sea she walked, waiting for the vainly-expected summons of her lover.

Up to this time she could not be said to be mad; she was only very sorrowful and very fond of solitude. But now came the remarkable part of the story.

"Messieurs probably know the environs of Dieppe?" said the narrator.

"Never in the place till last night."

"Ah, truly. But you can imagine to yourselves the appearance of the coast which I am about to describe. Along to the west, down there, the beach is shelving shingle and slimy masses of chalk under the cliffs. At low-tide long tracks of rock are discovered stretching out to sea, divided in all directions by wide ragged fissures. Very green and very slippery are those tracks of rock. One day I had occasion to go a little journey in that direction, and, as the tide would serve, I determined to go along the beach. It was a bleak day in December; the sky was very black, and I had to walk steadily and briskly to keep out the cold. What did I see as I turned round one of the headlands of the cliff? What but Annette Pochon wandering on like a woman in a dream! Quite slowly, as if she cared nothing for the cold wind."

"'Good-day, Mademoiselle Annette. It is very cold down here by the sea, is it not?'

"'I am not cold, Monsieur Godin.'

"For I call myself Godin, messieurs. And she smiled such a sad smile.

"'What does mademoiselle seek this morning on the cold beach?'

"'Monsieur, I have a rendezvous with a friend.'

"Poor girl! I thought; your friend will never come; and you will be very cold and wretched.

"When my affairs were finished, now, I said, I will return along the road on the top of the cliff; that beach is too damp and slippery; so I set off briskly again. Ah, messieurs! I could walk then as I can not walk now. But, as I have had the honor to tell you, it is nearly twenty years ago. As I was going along the road, with the rising ground that ended soon in the cliff edge on my left hand, I thought on a sudden of Annette. Is she there still? I said to myself. She will be terribly frozen. She should be kept at home: she should not be allowed to go out. I must speak to old Pochon. Now I will mount the edge of the cliff, and see if she is still on the shore. It was just about here that she was when I passed below two hours ago. I turned quickly from the road, messieurs, and in a moment I was on the brink, with the great shelving chalk cliff at my feet. The tide had now quite gone down, and the surf seemed a long way from me. Green rocks, and sand, and pools stretched away for many, many yards. Was Annette there? Yes, sitting on a white fragment of cliff below me. So I stood watching the fair prospect and the sea stretching out as we see it now; not, however, smooth and blue; then it was dark and troubled, and white waves broke on the furthest ledges of rock. As I gaze down at Annette, suddenly she rises: she springs forward with a loud cry of delight, runs rapidly across the highest bank of shingle and sand, and waits an instant where the rocks begin. What does she see? My thoughts jump directly to the object of her desire. Is there any sign of the coming husband? Is there a craft in sight that the girl recognizes? Nothing. Two or three fishing-boats close inshore—boats that I know well—not boats that have come from England. Nobody on the shore, and nothing at sea. If Annette sees any thing it is in imagination. My eyes are fixed on her. She advances, swiftly making her way toward a tall rock on her right hand. She is agile and sure-footed. She steps over the chasms between the rocks. She stands poised for a moment on a weedy ledge: she is half hidden in a pool. She has fallen. No; she is rushing on again. She has reached the tall rock. With hands and knees she clambers to the summit, throws her arms wide open, gives a loud shriek, and clasps—nothing—nothing but air. She starts again—starts off to the left, messieurs, looking no bigger than the men and women you see in the place down below. I see her, now up, now down; sometimes splashing the water from some rock basin—taking long steps from rock to rock; sometimes falling; on again in a moment. Soon she stands still again, once more opens her arms, gives another loud cry of disappointment, and hurries off, this time direct to the sea. Should I have tried to get down? By the cliff before me, impossible with life. I stood looking—I could not take my eyes off. Before Annette now a ridge of rock rises out of the shore, with an almost straight course along the top, so that where the last rock meets the advancing tide there is a fall of some height. She runs—runs—runs; she is close to the sea; she will stop? No! She falls: I see her no more. She will be hurt by the fall. The tide will mount, and she can not move: she will be drowned!

"Before I had thought half this, messieurs, I was far on my way to the nearest path that I knew from the cliff to the shore. I ran as fast as Annette. In five minutes I was down and on the rock whence the poor girl had fallen. Ah! it was sad to see. Annette was lying in the moist sand, quite still, as one who is dead, the height of a man below me. And her long black hair was all matted round her beautiful face; and on one of her little brown feet a shell had made a cruel cut, from which the red blood trickled out into the sand; and twice or thrice the harsh waves had crawled over her, and she was all wet and cold. Ah, messieurs, it was sad, sad, sad! What could I do? Was she drowned? I did not know. I lifted her up: I carried her in my arms, poor child! about half a mile to a cottage in the hollow where the cliff sinks down. I tried to run; indeed I made the best haste I could, messieurs. Might not her life depend upon my speed? Under the remedies known to the good woman of the house the patient gradually recovered. Warmth and life came back together. Then I was very thankful, for I yearned over that poor motherless, miserable child. She came to herself: but no, I can not say that—she has never since come to herself. But she lived, and she began to mutter in a low, plaintive voice, 'Yes, my well-loved, I see thee. Thou art come now to fetch me, and I go to thee without a moment's delay. Stay for me, my darling! I am close to thee. What! thou art farther off? Only wait and I will reach thee. Thou beckonest: I am coming—I am coming.' So she went on, messieurs: and never since has she said any thing else.

"I went back to Dieppe; I informed the old Pochon. For weeks Annette lay in a fever at old mother Callot's; for weeks raving (always on the same subject), for weeks more too weak to walk. Since that day she has been quite silly. She never seems to know any one, or to care for any thing, except once. Yes, once she did seem to have some feeling of real things: that was when her dead baby was taken away from her. Then she wept for a little time, for a little time, messieurs."

And two big round tears rolled down the old man's wrinkled cheeks as he spoke.

"What a threnody!" cried Jack; though I don't believe he had understood half of it.

"And you never heard any more of the man Carter?"

"Never have I seen him since, Sir. He was not likely to come to Dieppe. If I do see him, I will—but what am I, Sir? The good God will punish him. And perhaps Annette may yet be healed."

"Now, Martin, come along down: we've been up here more than half an hour. What shall we give the old man?"

We tumbled and groped on the narrow stair again, and were soon on the lower earth once more.

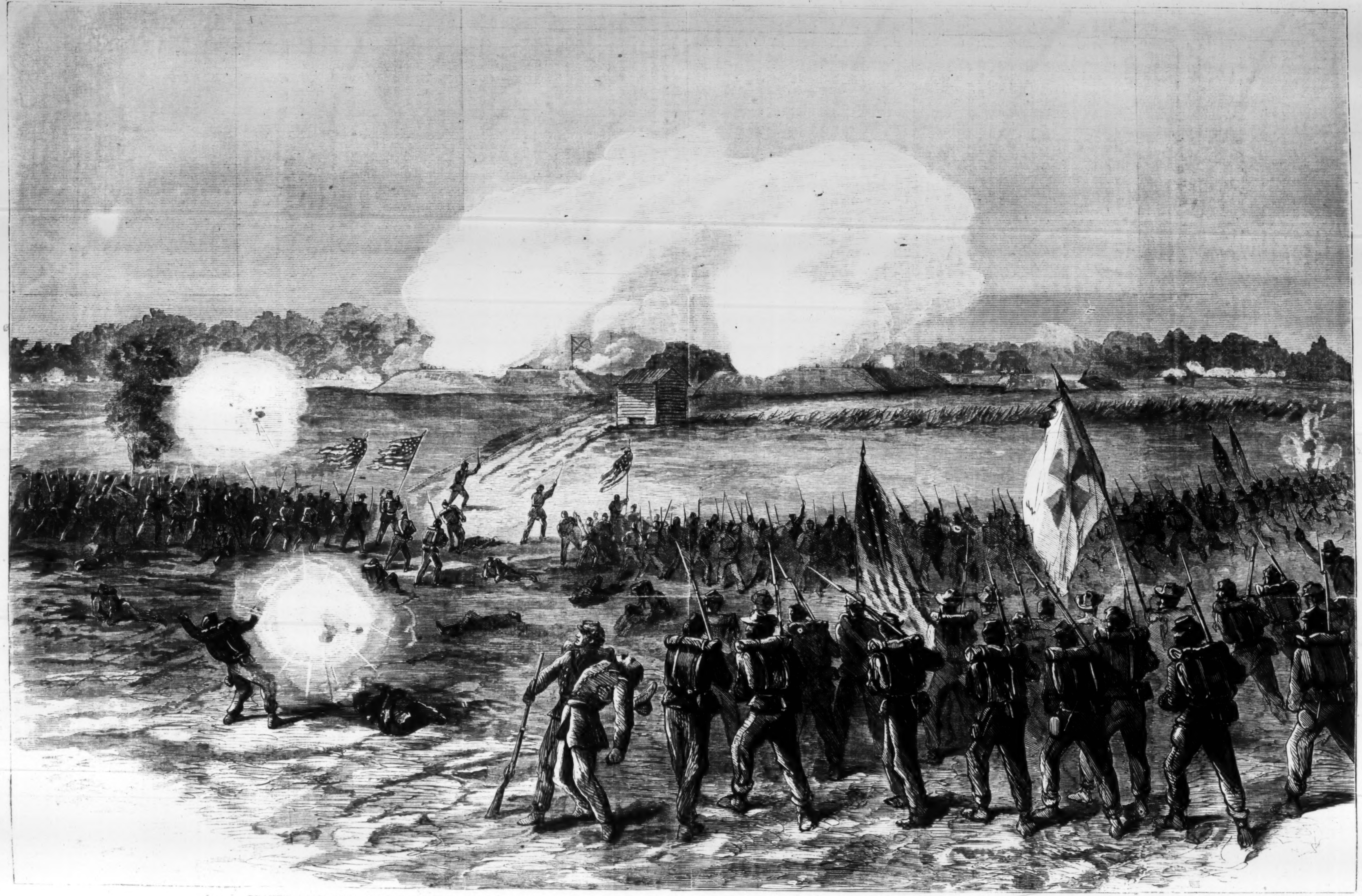
Annette was at the porch again.

Looking out on the merry world with a mechanical, meaningless smile, she was seated on a rude stool under the shadow of the church wall. The old guide touched her hand and said, "Good-day, Annette!" No greeting came in reply. The smile remained, but did not change. As we turned away a little lad of some half-dozen years, evidently full of importance at "minding" the poor lunatic, came running up, and cried, "Come, my aunt, it is necessary that thou return: my mother awaits you."

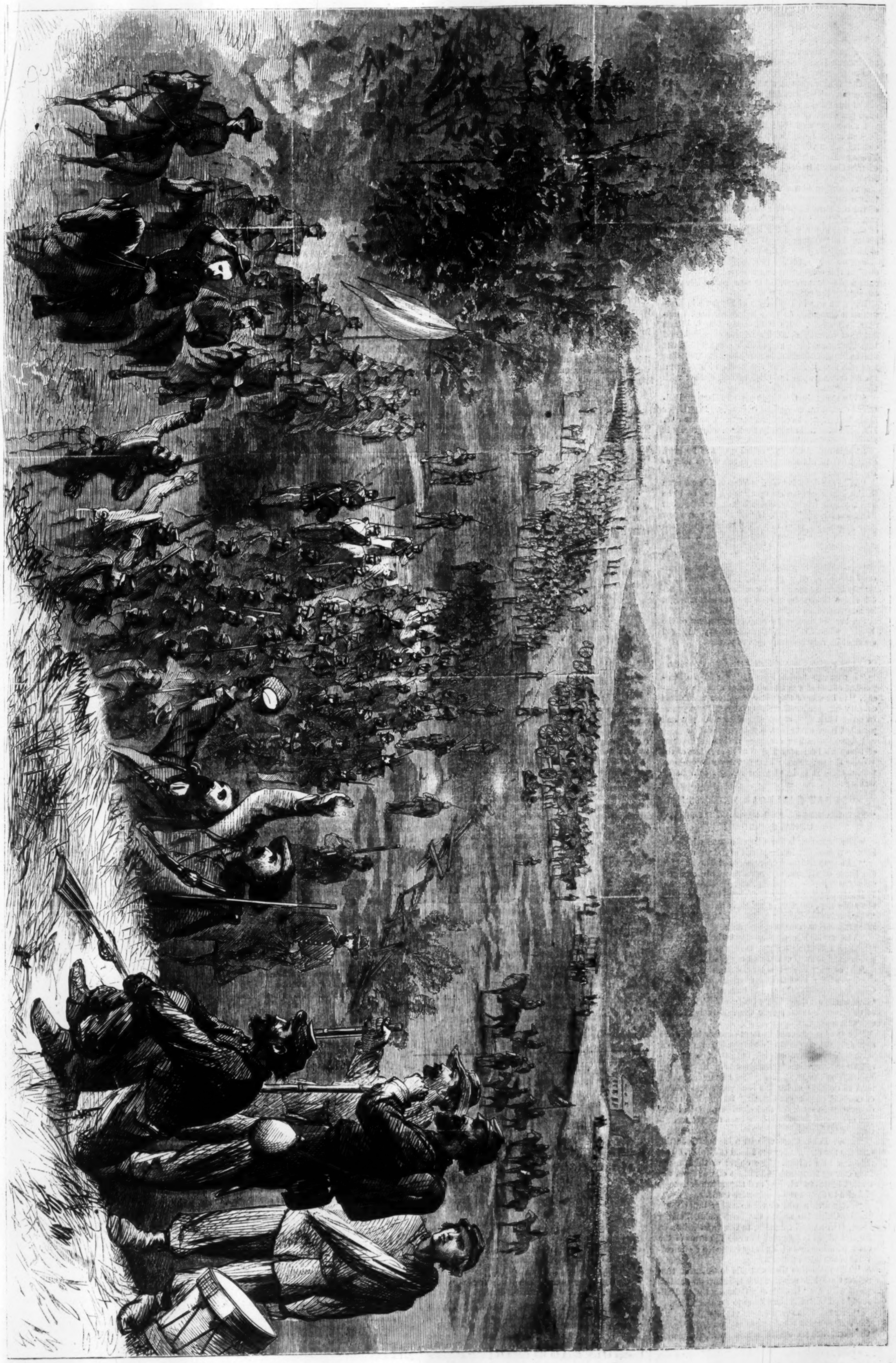
The little hand was suffered to close round the long thin fingers, and to lead away an unresisting and impassible charge.

We settled our hotel bill, drove to the station, and sank cozily on the comfortable cushions of the railroad running southward.

About three miles out of Dieppe Jack broke a long and meditative silence with a remark: "Do you know, you fellows, I believe that sort of thing generally ends in something or other—in something—in something of that sort, you know."



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—CHARGE OF THE FIFTH CORPS ON THE REBEL REDOUBT AT PEEBLES'S FARM, September 30, 1864.—Sketched by C. H. Chapin.—[See Page 684.]



SHERIDAN'S ARMY ON THE MARCH UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 686.]

SUCCOTASH.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I find that in these desultory gossipings of mine it is almost impossible not to forget that I began and intended (and intend) to write only in the "first person singular;" but thirty years' use of the editorial "We" makes it a very difficult practice to overcome. The inevitable "we" slips from the nib of our (there 'tis again!)—from the nib of *my* steel pen every now and then, and I can't help it.

I remember well "old Mathews," of whom Mr. Stetson of the Astor House tells some amusing anecdotes, while the great mime was a guest at the Tremont House in Boston (then the "crack hotel" of the United States), on his last appearance in America.

I remember him well in his wonderfully grotesque appearance—himself *alone*—on the boards of the old Park Theatre, rising suddenly from the prompter's box in the middle of the stage, in front of the foot-lights, and the leader of the orchestra giving his "Old Scotch Woman," the "Humors of Bartlemy Fair," and the like.

But we are especially reminded of "old Mathews" in this connection by some remarks which he once made—and reiterated at a supper in Boston—concerning the editorial "We."

When he was in the height of his fame in London as a comedian he took it into his head to appear in tragedy. He "did essay Hamlet," and failed, of course; as all his friends expected, and had forewarned him; and of their prophecy did not fail, in his mortification, to remind him. And what was still more outrageous, the London *Times* had a severe *critique* upon the performance, closing with these words:

"We sincerely trust that our excellent and admired comedian, unequaled in his line, may never again be tempted to depart from his peculiar *rôle*. His performance in tragedy we have only to say is simply ridiculous."

At this old Mathews "boiled up," and he gave expression to his resentment in the words following, to wit:

"Who the devil is 'We?' Who is this *one* man in the *Times* newspaper who goes about as if he had a pig in his belly, squealing or grunting out '*We, we, we, we?*' Who is '*We?*' If you knew him you could cane him: but who can thrash '*We?*' Confound 'em! there may be a baker's dozen of 'em!"

The very objurgation of the old favorite proved the potentiality of the editorial plural; but a thousand times, in days gone by, I have wished, in merely friendly gossip and familiar chat with readers and correspondents, like the present, it might be intermitted, or entirely pretermitted.

So, brother compositors and proof-readers of the *Weekly*, when I say "We," make me say "I," and *we* shall be very much obliged to you.

"JOHN PHŒNIX"—A GREAT RAILROAD PROJECT.

"I regard 'John Phœnix,'"* said a distinguished officer of the United States army to me today, "to be one of the wittiest writers which this country has produced within the last forty years. In quiet burlesque, especially, alike with pen and pencil, I have never seen him surpassed."

I agreed with him entirely; and as an instance of Phœnix's burlesque I give to the readers of the *Weekly* the subjoined, which has never before been published. It is in Captain Derby's own handwriting:

"GREAT RAILROAD PROJECT!

"THE BELVIDERE AND BEHRING'S STRAITS UNION RAILROAD!

"The foregoing is the title of a road which has become a *fixed fact* in the minds of the projectors.

"The proposed road commences at Belvidere, in the State of Illinois, and runs thence in a north-westerly direction to Behring's Straits, *via* Roscoe. It is also proposed to diverge several branches from the main line, the first of which is to be known as 'The North Pole Extension Railroad,' and by which it is proposed to secure the ice-trade.

"The main line crosses the before-mentioned straits by a floating bridge; thence south, by easy grades, and tunneling the Chinese Wall, to Pekin.

"At or near Behring's Straits it is proposed to diverge with a branch in a southerly direction to Cape Kamschatka, the said branch to be called the 'Kamschatka Valley Union Railroad.' The object of this branch is to secure the seal-trade for the Calcutta market.

"It is also proposed to start another branch at or near the same point of divergence, running in a westerly direction to Tobolsk, in Siberia, connecting at that point with the 'Underground Exile-escaping Railroad' to the Dead Sea. The said underground road to be built under the immediate supervision of eminent Ohio engineers, they having had much experience in works of that character. The services of Captain Ingraham have been secured as conductor on this road.

"From Pekin there will be a branch to Jeddo, crossing the straits near the island of Niphon by an immense Pile Bridge. The object of this branch is to convey troops and munitions of war from the United States to 'civilize' and annex the Japanese, and also to secure the Japan-ware trade.

"From Pekin will diverge another branch, *via* Cochin China (to secure the fowl-trade), Farther India, Borneo, and Sumatra, to the Gold Mines in Australia. It is proposed to cross the arms of the sea separating these islands by immense stone culverts of the latest pattern.

"The main line then extends to Calcutta, tunneling the Himalaya Mountains, connecting at this point with the 'London and Calcutta Union Railroad,' and with the plank-road to Booloochistan.

"The main line then extends from Calcutta, *via* Bagdad, crossing the Red Sea at *Moses's Ford*, and the great Sahara Desert to Timbuctoo, connecting with the 'Niger River Valley Union Railroad' to the coast of Guinea.

"The main line then extends through Ethiopia and the Caffre settlements to the Cape of Good Hope, there connecting with the '*Union Balloon Company*,' plying between Cape Town and Patagonia.

"Thence the main line extends up the west coast of America, *via* Valparaiso and Panama, to San Francisco, with a branch to the Lobos Islands (for the guano trade), and to Astoria, in Oregon. From San Francisco the line extends on a direct course to the place of beginning, with a plank-road to New York city.

"It would be useless to descant at any length upon the advantages which this road will possess over all others. A glance at the map will be sufficient to impress upon the mind of the most 'general reader' an idea of the stupenduosity of the scheme, and the mines of wealth which will be necessary in order to build it. To the man of business, the extreme facility with which the most distant portions of the globe can be reached should especially commend this project; and to the pleasure-seeker, the ease with which he can be transported to the Maelstrom (which undoubtedly is the greatest watering-place in the world) should make this to appear *the* project of the age; the work which will cause this generation to shine in the very extreme of glory on to the farthest limits of time.

"We hope soon to announce the successful opening of this great work."

The "Atlantic and Pacific Railroad" had not at this time become a "fixed fact," or "Phœnix" would not have spoken of a "*plank*-road to New York city."

DO TWO WRONGS MAKE A RIGHT?

This proposition has been generally denied; the converse being assumed, that two Wrongs do *not* make a Right: but a friend mentioned to us the other night a bit of logic which he heard cited recently, and which would almost seem to upset the old maxim.

"Two Wrongs never make a Right," said one disputant to another.

"Yes they do—*sometimes*," said his antagonist.

"*Never!*" replied the other colloquist.

"They *do*, I tell you, and can *prove* it. The other day somebody passed on me a five-dollar counterfeit bill. *That* was wrong, wasn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Wa'al, I wasn't goin' to be cheated out of five dollars; so *I* passed it off, among some good bills, onto *another* man. Wasn't that wrong?"

"To be sure—as much so as the first."

"Wa'al, that makes *two* wrongs, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Jes' so; but it made ME *all right!*"

Passing the *morality* of the argument it would, at first blush, appear that the "last speaker" had "the best of it."

The two following notes will not be uninteresting to many readers of the *Weekly*:

September 5, 1864.

L. Gaylord Clark, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—You ask in "Succotash," in *Harper's Weekly*, "Can any reader tell me who is the author of the following pregnant sentences: 'Death is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door. But, after all, the shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better; and the longest life is too short if it do not?'

The Rev. C. C. Cotton, an eccentric and gifted English man, wrote the latter sentence, omitting the words, "But, after all," and *possibly* the first one; but it does not stand in connection with this in his brief dissertation on "Death," which you may find in a work of his called "Lacon." There are a thousand sentences in this book as "pregnant" in every thing marrowy as the one you quote. Excuse my haste.—Sincerely, etc.,

Rev. H. N. Powers,
President of Griswold Col., Davenport, Iowa.

I thank my correspondent for his note, but have some doubt about the passage quoted being by Cotton; for the most impressive sentence of all, the *first*, is not in "Lacon;" and as it is well known that the author of that collection "cribbed" right and left, my impression is that he stole the *last*. Byron said of "Lacon; or, Many Things in a Few Words," that it should have been entitled, "A *Few* Things in *Many* Words!"

Cotton was in this country in 1831, and I have conversed with those who conversed with *him* at that time. What a sad career was his! A graduate of Cambridge, a clergyman of the English Church, with a splendid "living," he became a desperate gambler and debauchee; and finally, in poverty and exile, afflicted with an incurable disease, he died in Paris by his own hand.

Since writing the foregoing a friend informs me that it is "borne in upon his mind" that he once saw the whole passage, as it stood in the first quotation, in an English translation of some of the quaint illustrations of Pater Abraham à Sancta Clara. But enough.

The subjoined, from a second correspondent, enlightens us upon *another* point. Having been "out of the profession" Editorial for three years and upward, I have received but few of the issues of the public press. I have never seen the work which our loyal, patriotic, Union-loving friend praises so highly:

Rochester, *Sept. 26, 1864.*

Lewis Gaylord Clark, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—In your last by no means unpalatable dish of "Succotash," served up in *Harper's Weekly* for October 1, you quote a few verses about

"Two Irishmen out of employ,....
One of whom was called Paddy O'Toole,
The other was Misther M'Finnegan,"

and, speaking quite highly of them, you express a desire to know the author. You will find the entire poem, which is entitled "Pro-Pat-ria," in the "*Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*," by R. H. Newell; and although mostly in a sarcastic and inimitable vein, they contain some beautiful touches of sentiment in the shape of poetry and prose (more especially, however, the former), war-pieces, and others, that I have ever seen.

There is a rumor filling the air as I write of the fall of Mobile—one step more up the ladder of triumph!*

"To our banner we are clinging,
And a song we are singing
Whose chorus is ringing
From each mouth;
'Tis, 'The old Constitution,
And a stern retribution
To the South!'"

Thank God it's coming at last! The end is appointed—the end is drawing us on; and even our dead soldiers, sleeping under green grass the loving, sweet sleep of the saint and of the hero (dear martyrs to Holy Truth!) are pointing the way there still. Very truly yours,

Wm. S. Lea.

A city friend says: "Speaking of feet, do you remember an old notary of one of our Wall Street banks, who used to walk about in his antique dress and 'white choker?' And do you remember his feet? They were as marked, I venture to say, as Grant Thorburn's or Reeside's. They must have been covered and heaped up with corns and *Bunyans*, which prevented the old pilgrim's progress, save at a slow pace. His shoes, tied with leather strings, looked like a couple of leather bags of uncracked shag-bark walnuts. Take them for all in all, I never saw the like before—nor since."

I guess I *do* remember the old gentleman; and while he was living remarked his extraordinary "pedal maize" many and many a time. He was as polite as a "gentleman of the old school;" and once, so I heard, in presenting a notice of protest, said, blandly,

"I've brought you a notice of protest for your note of ten thousand dollars, due to-day at our bank. I suppose it is a mistake."

"Oh no," said the delinquent (for the failing merchant's previous agony was now over), "no mistake: a regular bu'st—a regular bu'st!"

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THE LATE CAPTAIN FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

Here is another unpublished poem of Fitz-James O'Brien, which is placed in type, as before, from his own manuscript. It is very characteristic of the lamented author; and is nearly as lively and felicitous as C. F. Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright," on the same theme. Perhaps some of the numerous friends of the poet in the Seventh Regiment may have heard the writer execute it, for he "sang a good stave." It celebrates a wine which, moderately imbibed, "cheers, but not inebriates," as did Longfellow's beautiful lines to Longworth's Sparkling Catawba.

AN ODE

TO THE DIVINEST OF LIQUORS.

Come, anchorites, listen; reform your drinking,
And keep your pure water to sprinkle your flowers;
I'll teach you a lesson to keep hearts from sinking,
And make ye forget e'en the flight of the hours.
This precept so golden faint hearts will embolden,
And let it upon your dry lips always reign:
Whene'er you can find it (if not, never mind it),
Oh! never quaff any but foaming Champagne!

Though Martial may prate of Falernian mellow,
All nursed in the breath of the fragrant south wind,†
I think in these days we may find out its fellow—
A juice far more glowing, more bright and refined.
Not dark Maronean, sprung from the Ægean,‡
Which blind, toping Homer exalts in his strain:
Nor Saprian welling, of violets smelling,§
Could match for one moment our creaming Champagne

How brightly it sparkles, with amber light splendid,
And bubbles like diamonds careering along!
And oh! when the first framing bottle is ended,
How smoothly love's accents roll off from the tongue!
Our eyes light are shedding; we seem on air treading;
The vapors of study fly out of the brain;
And eloquence glowing keeps from our lips flowing,
Evoked by the magic of glorious Champagne!

Darius the Persian—so chronicles fable—
Ambitioned no epitaph better than this:
"Here lies great Darius, who always was able
To drink his nine bottles and not feel amiss."
But if for one hour his soul had the power
To visit this earth upon Marne's fair plain,
I think he would feel a deal more than Arbela
The thought that he died without tasting Champagne!

Oh, magical liquor! the alchemist teachers
Must surely have had thy bright juice in their mind
When Celsus and other such mystical preachers
Discoursed of their "elixir vitæ" refined!
E'en the gods and the goddesses, in tunics and bodices,
That in attics celestial hold fabulous reign—
If they got one draught of it, I'd swear by the Prophet
They'd cut their weak nectar and take to Champagne!

Then here's to the flask so enticing and slender!
And here's to the bright wine that sparkles within!
The ancient "amphoræ" ne'er shone with such splendor
As a row of these long-necks with helmets of tin.
If I had Lucullus, and warbling Catullus,
With him who first thought of iced wine, in my train,‖
And old Columella,¶ that jolly good fellow,
Oh! I'd pledge them forever in floods of Champagne!

THE PRIVATE BURYING-PLACE.

The chestnut opens out its fans;
The beech unfolds its pleached leaves;
The goldfinch in the hawthorn bush
Its nest with soft moss weaves;
Hard by, the brook (where cresses throng)
Runs, babbling merrily, along.

This is the spot I've singled out
For my long and tranquil sleep.
I'll lie with folded hands in trance,
Through which low tones will creep,
Dim memories of yesterday,
And voices sweet, but far away.

The wind is surging in the firs
(Those red-barked giants of the wood);
The rooks are wheeling round the elms,
That now the blossoms hood;
No other sound, but where the brook
Gurgles around some stony nook.

Here, when my long day's work is done,
I shall lie underneath the grass,
And still, like one in a half-trance,
Shall yet distinguish men that pass;
For sorrows, even such as mine,
Death brings a certain anodyne.

The little airy globes of down
Shall poise above me; and the bees
Drag at the purple clover flowers;
And all day long, high in the trees,
The blackbird, with his golden pipe,
Shall sing of summer ere 'tis ripe.

After a toilsome sordid life,
What majesty there is in Death!
What riches that no king can touch!
What mystery in the ceasing breath!
Sorrows that time hath brought to me
Share not my immortality.

The trefoil shall grow thick and soft,
And daisies star my emerald pall;
And soft shall fall the summer dew,
And soft the summer showers shall fall;
The sunbeams shall point to my grave,
And the plumed grasses o'er me wave.

When I lie deep down in the hold
Of this great planet-ship of ours,
And it shall roll and circle on,
Through its predestined days and hours,
Come storm or tempest, I shall rest
Warm in my little sheltered nest.

Sprinkle upon me drifting rain,
Or swaths of cold effacing snow,
Or let the sunshine burn and parch,
I shall be still and calm below;
I shall fear neither rain nor sun,
When I and Mother-earth are one.

The generations pass away
Like the winged thistle-seed, why then
Fear Death more than the clover does?
We can not change the doom of men.
Then welcome Death, these woes of mine,
They need thy certain anodyne.

"WORTH A LEG."

OUT OF THE DIARY OF A HOSPITAL.

As I stood meditating a quick step came up along the ward—the surgeon who operated some days since on a man's leg, coming to see his case. A keen though kindly face he has, a clear and rapid mode of speech, a quick but never hurried manner, a certain promptness, decision, and self-possession even in his trivial actions.

His patient on this occasion was a square-built, good-looking young fellow of some six or seven and twenty years of age. A thoroughly sound and healthy subject for a capital operation; and he had seemed at first to bear it as well as possible. I am speaking of constitutional bearing: as for courage, doubtless he had plenty of it; but with chloroform at the time, and morphia afterward, it had not been severely tested. But now some days had passed and he was by no means improving to the degree that the state of the limb would lead one to expect. He was depressed yet restless, feverish, gloomy, and irritable. Much of this might be accounted for by the fact of a young man, in the prime of his days, finding himself suddenly made a helpless cripple. But several little incidents led me to guess at some deeper cause of trouble, although I had not yet been able to penetrate his gloomy reserve. I noticed that at night when he grew confused and wandering, as operation cases often do even when progressing favorably, he was forever muttering and rambling on about "Jessie," and also about a certain "Dick Hall, whom he mentioned in connection with language more remarkable for vigor than for propriety or politeness.

Moreover, I remarked that every evening when I read that beautiful and heart-softening confession—with which I always commenced our short evening prayer in each ward—the confession in which we are taught to say to our "merciful Father" that "we have erred and strayed from his ways like lost sheep," and "followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts," George Dilworth drew the blue-checked coverlet of his bed closely over his face; and more than once (my little book-stand and kneeling-stool happening to be placed near to his bed) I heard a stifled sob come from him. Still I failed to win his confidence. However touched he might be during evening prayer, by the time it was concluded and I came round with the sleeping-draughts he was hard, gloomy, abrupt and barely civil—poor fellow!—as before.

But where I failed Mr. P—— found the way to succeed. How I know not. For, having finished his surgical work with the leg, and scrawled a number of formidable-looking hieroglyphics on the patient's board for the guidance of the dispenser, he sat down on the bedside and began to chat to

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* Captain George H. Derby, of the United States army, who graduated from West Point in the class with General M'Clellan.

* "By slow degrees—not yet:" a foregone conclusion only, however.—L. G. C.

† The Falernian wines were considered by the ancients to acquire an additional delicacy and richness of flavor when the wind blew from the south during the vintage.

‡ Maronean—a rich, luscious wine, made in the islands of the Ægean Sea.

§ Saprian—another wine of the Ægean, which, when the flask was opened, filled the chamber with an odor of violets.

‖ Nero claims this honor: and if there was no other palliation to offer for his enormous crimes, this happy invention, of such inestimable benefit to mankind, ought to plead for him with every lover of the bottle.

¶ Lucius Junius Columella, a Gaditanian, celebrated for his elegant treatise on gardening and the culture of the vine.

Dilworth; whereupon I, feeling that the young man was more likely to be open with one than with two, made a pretense of having something to do at a little distance while they conversed. Presently the surgeon recalled me. "Dilworth has a long story to tell you, if you'll be good enough to listen to it," he said to me; then turning to the patient he added, "You make a friend of this lady, Dilworth. She'll manage 'Jessie' better than either you or I, I'll be bound. Good-by."

And so George Dilworth told me his story. Not all at once—for he got excited over it, and had to be stopped, and bid to rest and keep quiet at times—but bit by bit. I tell it partly in my own words, since it dropped from the sick man in such piecemeal fashion as his weakness and my opportunities allowed.

He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—a relationship about which there always dwells a certain simple pathos. And she was in many respects, as I afterward found on closer acquaintance, a grand and pathetic old woman. But withal she had been somewhat mismatched in the relationships of her life. She had been too strong and stern for her weak, ne'er-do-weel husband; she had been too strict and exacting for her light-hearted and frolicsome boy. Her loves were intense and genuine, but they were ponderous, and crushed where they should have sustained—her own heart the while getting sterner and sadder from the want of sympathy and the absence of demonstrative affection, which was in the first instance caused by that very sternness. She was living in what logicians sometimes call a "vicious circle." Doubtless there was some failure on her part in the fundamental virtues of humanity and charity, yet she was in the main a good and noble woman. With her dwelt Jessie Freeman, a young orphan cousin some six or seven degrees removed; indeed the cousinship was so very obscure through its great remoteness that I twice essayed to unravel it without success. Being pretty, young—about four years younger than George—and continually thrown into his society, of course they fell in love. It was necessarily a long courtship, since they performed the above little feat at the respective ages of fifteen and nineteen. But at length, after years of true-hearted waiting, the wedding-day was fixed—and the very day which had been chosen was that on which Dilworth had had his leg shattered.

"So then," said I, "the accident stopped the wedding? Well, that was enough to make you down-hearted."

"Oh no, m'm. 'Twasn't the accident stopped it. That 'ud be little enough to bear. It were stopped long afore that, and all along of my own fault. We'd chosen that day months and months ago, because you see as how it was mother's birthday. 'We'll be married come mother's next birthday,' we'd been sayin' all the year; for Jessie she calls her 'mother' as I do. And she'd need, for she's been a good mother to her—ay, and to me too. I sees that clear enough now that I shall never see her again. But as for Jessie and me, we'd had no thought o' marriage atween us for this last three months." He paused gloomily.

"What! did Jessie break it off after all those years?"

"No, 'twern't Jessie," he burst forth. "*She* wern't never such a —— fool."

"Gently, Dilworth, please. Those strong words don't do any good."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the poor fellow, subdued and quiet again in a moment. "I knows it's wrong—specially before a lady. But I'm that mad with myself I don't know what I say."

"I know you are. Never mind. Go on, and tell me how it all fell out wrongly about this business of yours that looked so smooth."

"Well, m'm, I wouldn't like to seem to complain of my mother, for she's been a good mother to me, as I was sayin' just now, and to Jessie too. And she's fended for us bravely many a year, when my father weren't doin' nothin' except making poor mother's heart ache and wasting the farm and the little bit o' money we had. But still she was desperate over-particler, and she set her face that harshly agen Dick Hall that I took fire at it."

"Dick Hall was a particular friend of yours?"

"Yes, m'm, he was my mate at work, and a good-hearted chap too. But he was a bad friend after all to me, and I don't say but what mother wasn't in the right of it about him if she'd not ha' been so sharp on it. And Dick he made the worst of it—I do think as how he offended her o' purpose sometimes. And he worked round me to make me think mother harder than I should ha' thought her if he'd not jawed so about it. But Dick was one of those fellows that have nothin' in 'em but larking."

"Not a good style of man, Dilworth," said I. "A little larking is all very good and natural in young people of either sex. But when either man or girl has got 'nothing in them but larking,' they are not good for much. Such a man will generally have very little feeling, and not much principle. Even your mother's great strictness and gravity is better, though I quite grant that it may be overdone on that side too."

"I see that, m'm, now the mischief's done," said Dilworth. "Hall got me into trouble before I'd done with him. He got me into a precious bad lot. We got gambling, and drinking, and doing things not fit for your ears, m'm. And they heard of it at last at home. And then mother scolded in her awful gloomy way. And I thought Jessie did not stick up for me as she ought to ha' done. And Hall kept talking at me all the while—'how could I put up with being ruled by two women at my time o' life?'" He paused, and then finished up hurriedly, in a tone which was sullen with shame and sadness. "So I went off and took up with another girl out o' spite—a flaunting thing that I didn't care for a bit. And so I've lost Jessie forever and a day, and I shall never see her nor my mother more—the two best women God Almighty ever made!—And I haven't even got the other girl, for she's off with me, now my leg's gone. 'She'd not come and see a one-legged cripple!' she sent me word."

"Was that she who came to see you the first visiting day you were here?" I asked, remembering to have seen a decidedly "flaunting" young woman on that occasion standing by Dilworth's bed.

"No, m'm, not she. She'd not come anigh the place. 'Twas her sister come with her message that I told you of."

There was a little pause in our talk. Then I asked him whether, as it was just a foolish bit of misled pride and temper that had made him fly off from Jessie, he would not be glad if by-gones could be by-gones, and would not be thankful to make her a steady good husband, supposing she would forgive him.

"I'd give any thing, m'm, to have it all undone. I seem to have been a-dreaming all the while that Hall was with me all day long. But that's just where it is. Mother nor yet Jessie—nobody can't forgive me. No, she'll not have me now."

"Oh, you've asked her?"

"No!" emphatically said. "I'm not the brazen fellow to do that after all that's come and gone. But I *know* she'd not have me. No girl could forgive what I've done. Mr. P——, he's a real, kind, clever gentleman, he is—he thinks as how you can manage it with her, m'm. But, no offense to you, m'm, 'tain't in any body's power to get a girl to forgive things like that."

"I agree with you, Dilworth. It isn't in any body's power. But sometimes it is in the power of a good girl's own true, kind heart, when she sees that there is real sorrow for what has been amiss. Will you give me permission to tell her you're here, and to put things before her in my own way, and to ask her to come and see me?"

"Oh yes, you can tell her, m'm," said Dilworth, not over-gratefully because not over-hopefully. But I could see now more clearly, what I had guessed all along, that there was true sterling worth in the young man, and that his faults and their consequences, which had made him at first so impenetrable and surly, had produced that effect simply because remorseful shame was so working in his mind that he could never forget the bitter lesson as long as he lived.

That evening I wrote a long letter to Jessie Freeman, inclosing a slip of paper which would enable her to pass into the hospital at any hour of any day. And the next morning but one brought a visitor for Dilworth. I happened to be busy poultice-making when she came in, and stooping over the table, spatula in hand, and half hidden by two huge jars of linseed meal and charcoal, I gained a good view of the new-comer's face, while myself unnoticed. "A good woman," that was the mental summary I made after running over the various points of face and figure. Beautiful too, but the beauty was outshone by the goodness, as moonlight is merged in sunlight, and no longer perceived though still there. So Jessie Freeman, though very pretty and, as I afterward found, clever, was emphatically and above all, that rare and lovely thing—a good woman. Truth in the clear, soft brown eyes; modesty in the quiet, graceful bearing of the girlish figure and small head; firmness and fortitude in the curved and dimpled chin; sweet temper and sense in the broad, low forehead and sensitive mouth. That the rich masses of smoothly braided hair were of glossy texture and sunny brown hue, that the slightly embrowned skin glowed with the soft flush and clearness of youth and health, that the light foot and ankle were small and neatly turned, were items of very minor importance after those first cardinal points had been made out.

I was glad that, under the pretext of shielding Dilworth from an imaginary draught, I had caused a light screen to be placed on the off-side of his bed, so as to give him the option, by drawing his curtain up to the said screen, of making for himself and his visitor quite a private little nook unscanned by any curious eyes from other beds; for I could see that Jessie was trembling with excitement, flushed with joy, almost tearful with sadness, and ready, on the slightest extra provocation, to lose the self-control which was already trembling in the balance under the pressure of highly-wrought and conflicting emotions. From this face of hers it was plain that the interview would end all rightly for Dilworth, so, with a few quiet words of welcome, I led her at once behind the screen and there left her.

It was about two hours before I interrupted them. Then I found her sitting close to George's bedside, her hand firmly clasped in his, and both of them looking radiantly happy, though I could see that poor little Jessie had been crying abundantly, as we foolish women do, alike when we are extremely happy or extremely sad. "And so you see, ma'am," said Dilworth, with a happy flush on his face, that was no longer sullen but frank and open, "she's taken me again, and it's all right."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Jessie, with a pretty little air between frankness and archness; "and I don't know as I could have brought my pride to it if it had not been for his leg. One couldn't say 'no' to a poor, sick, maimed lad, as he is now."

"So, Jessie," observed I, "the lost leg brought him back to you—and the lost leg brought you back to him. Why, Dilworth you'll hardly think it a calamity after this."

"I was just thinking of that, m'm, before you spoke," replied he, gravely; "and as I lay here with my dear lass's hand in mine once more, forgiven by her, and—as one may say—in my right mind again, I was trying in a way to thank God for that very thing. Though a lost leg does seem a strange mercy to be giving thanks for. But I shouldn't have had my lass here back again—no, mayhap never—nor been fit to come nigh her neither, if I'd ha' gone on as I was agoing without any thing to pull me up. And my Jessie, m'm, she's worth a leg any day. And," he added, flushing up slightly from that reserve which most men feel in saying any thing about their personal feelings, especially their religious feelings, "if you'd please, ma'am, to put the extra bit in the thanksgiving for me this evening when you read prayers, I'd be glad. You can say my name out full, if you please, ma'am, for I didn't ought to be ashamed to own it, when the Almighty's been so good to me."

"I will take care and remember, Dilworth," promised I.

"And oh! ma'am," began Jessie, "however can I thank you—can we thank you enough for nursing of him as you've done, sittin' up o' nights, and"—how many more of my shining virtues were going to be recited I do not know. I believe the grateful girl in her great gladness clothed all of us Hospital workers with attributes little short of angelic. But I interrupted her, for I was anxious to close the interview, which was getting too much for the invalid, and I thought they had both had quite enough of excited, emotional feeling. "Nonsense," was my unfeeling reply; "I have only done my duty by him—and he was a good case. And now, Miss Jessie, you'll just be good enough to pack up your traps and take yourself off without any more last words. My patient is getting as feverish and excited as can be, and I shall have him awake all night tossing about till he makes his leg bad. You may come in to-morrow morning, and bring a clean apron and a knife and fork with you. And I'll show you how to do some little nursing jobs which you may find useful when you're married. I shall have George moved into the little inner ward, and you may stop and have a bit of dinner with him if you like. But be off now. I'm the most savage and ill-tempered of head-nurses if any body dares to disobey me."

Jessie and Dilworth both laughed, but she made haste nevertheless to put on her shawl and bonnet, and bade him a brief good-by.

The next morning saw Jessie early at the hospital, and with her George's mother. A kind of awed grief and stern joy struggled for the mastery on the old woman's face—a face so like Dilworth's that I should have known her any where for his mother, and only wanting the son's light-hearted mobility and brightness of feature, which, now that he had regained Jessie, shone out again as conspicuous characteristics. A square, firm-set face was the mother's, which would have been hard and gloomy but for the lustrous, passionate, dark eyes that shone forth from under her thick gray eyebrows. The face of a woman stern by nature, made sterner by her long, lonely battle with poverty and grief, and only redeemed from absolute hardness by the reality and intensity of her affections, religious and human.

"I have sinned," she repeated several times, as she sat during that long, warm summer afternoon by her son's bedside.

"Dear mother! What do you mean?" said George, soothingly. He was evidently much attached to his mother, although manifesting a certain reserve toward her.

"I provoked you to wrath, George," answered the old woman, severely; but the severity was for herself now, not for him. "I made you go wrong. I, that was bound to train you up in the way you should go."

"You trained me up just a thought too tight, dear mother," observed George, with a quaintness that made Jessie and myself smile. But the mother's gravity was unmoved. She was bent on a full and thorough self-condemnation.

"I've lived sixty-two years in the world," she said, "and I've fended for my lad through a sight o' trouble—"

"Ay, that you have, mother," interposed George, with grateful emphasis.

"And at the end of it all I've been his ruin. Near ruined his soul, and sore hurt his body. It's just been through my pride and harshness that all this has come about."

"No, no, mother. You sha'n't say that," again interrupted the son, eagerly. "'Twere my fault a deal more than yours. You've been a good mother to me."

"No, lad," resumed the mother, inexorably, "I was the oldest, and the one who was 'sponsible for yer. If you'd had a mother after the make o' Jessie here, you'd not ha' gone wrong.—Don't interrupt me, Jessie. It's right I should say it. The Bible says, 'Honor to whom honor is due.' George and I, we've both been wrong.—I most. George he was willful, and, poor boy! he's broke his leg and had to lose it. And I've been proud and hard, and so God has just taken my pride and broken it too, like George's leg. He's made me see that this slip of a girl here, whom I nursed before ever she could lisp a word, is a better woman than I, and will be a safer stay and support for my own boy than ever his hard old mother was. And so, Jessie, girl, you take him with his mother's blessing, and I'll stand by while you learn me to be humble and meek. And now, children, we'll talk o' somethin' else," she concluded, with a certain imperative and not ungraceful dignity which effectually enforced the brief command, and precluded all reply. It was very certain that the humility was deep and true, though it was at present somewhat bitter. And I think we all regarded the old woman after that hard-wrung confession with a tenderness and a reverence which nothing else would have won from us with such deep and lasting sincerity.

About six months from that day they were married, and not long after I paid them a visit in their new home. Jessie was doing famously with her dress-making. The mother lived, not with them, but very close at hand: as devoted to her son as ever, and much softened by recent events. George was bidding fair to become a successful shoemaker, and was steady, blithe, and contented. A shade of solicitude mingled with his affectionate attentions to his wife, as if he had it ever on his mind to try and make up to her for his former conduct, and to induce her to forget the past. As for Jessie, her sweet, forgiving temper seemed to find no difficulty at all in doing this. They were all united and happy; Jessie not the least happy of the group, and she said so openly in her frank, glad way.

"Indeed and we *are* happy," responded Dilworth, earnestly; "and it's all along o' Jessie, ma'am," he added, with a grateful nod toward his wife.

"I think you're right, Dilworth," said I; "I remember your telling me in the hospital that she would be worth a leg to you."

"Ay, indeed, and I weren't a bit mistaken," he replied with energy; "and if I had to choose between losing the other one too or losing Jess, I'd off with the leg to-morrow. She's worth the pair of 'em, she is, and no mistake."

"Her price is far above rubies." It was after all the same idea, expressed in the homely phrase of a working man, which the inspired King Lemuel had long ago recorded in poetic, Eastern diction, worthy of that grand old book in whose histories good women play no inconsiderable part.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY."—There is something ominous in the custom described in the following extract:

"The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing an empty flower-pot on the portico roof, which is as much as to say, 'A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted.'"

That, says a morose bachelor of our acquaintance, is as much as to say that when a man marries he goes to pot.

CHECK-MATE.—John and Julia's chess problem, by Amator. John to move and mate in two moves:

John moves his arm round Julia's neck;
She moves one square, and whispers—check;
He nothing daunted moves right straight
His lips to hers and calls out—"mate!"

The Marquis of Waterford was in the habit of riding in the second-class carriages of the railroad in his vicinity. Such a course very highly disgusted the proprietors, and they resolved to cure the marquis, as they said, of his eccentricity. Accordingly, on one occasion, as he was sitting in a second-class carriage, a sweep, who had previously been in a third-class compartment, was invited out, and placed by the marquis's side. His lordship immediately got out, and purchased a first-class ticket, on delivering which to him the clerk laughed, as if the company had gained a victory. But Lord Waterford quietly returned to the train, gave the first-class ticket to the sweep, gravely escorted him to his place of honor, and then resumed his own place in the second-class, from which the proprietors never again sought to remove him.

Why is little Prince Victor Albert like two of the delights of outdoor life in fine weather?—Because he's the sun and air of England.

SCIENTIFIC.—The reason why a rainbow is never seen in a clear sky, is that it is *bent on a cloud.*

EPITAPH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Collisions four
Or five she bore;
The signals were in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her boiler busted,
And smashed the excursion train.

Wherein do France and Ireland most resemble each other?—In *Absint-heism.*

De Quincy somewhere tells an anecdote of a man who, on being threatened with assault by eighteen tailors, cried out, "Come on, both of you."

For the reflection of those who sneer at "the people"—It's the *foot* that supports the *head.*

A "racing fixture"—a horse that won't start.

The sieve through which the man "strained every nerve" is for sale at first cost.

The lap of luxury—a cat enjoying her milk.

A gentleman, who recently traveled over a Western railroad, declared his opinion that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the train to drive off the cows and sheep!

"I say, boy, where does that right-hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic. "I doan't know, Sir," replied the boy; "'taint been nowhere else since we lived here."

Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have got a drum in your ear, nor believe you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

JOY GO WITH HIM.—The man who beats the drum for the "March of Time" has gone to play on the "Horn of Plenty."

"Wherever I go," said a Yankee gentleman, remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from my own State." "No wonder," said the gentleman he was addressing; "for any man of that State who has any sense leaves it as fast as he can."

What are the most unsocial things in the world?—Milestones; you never see two of them together.

"Well, wife, I don't see for my part how they send letters on them ere wires without tearing 'em all to bits." "Laws me, they don't send the paper, they just send the writin'."

A lazy boy spells Andrew Jackson thus: &ru Jaxn.

It is stated to be a rule of war in the far Western Territories that "a town is a place where whisky is sold." By means of this rule the courts distinguish real towns from those which exist only on paper plans of land speculators.

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property; and, calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the gentleman if he had entertained his proposition. "No," replied the other, "your proposition entertained me."

A phrenologist remarking that some persons had the organ of murder and benevolence strongly and equally developed, his friend replied, "that doubtless those were the persons *who would kill one with kindness.*"

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on "the single state;" "Yes, madam," rejoined an obstinate old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

A chemist asserted that all bitter things were hot. "No," said a gentleman present, "there is a bitter cold day."

While an ignorant lecturer was describing the nature of gas a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her what was the difference between oxygin and hydrogin? "Very little, madam," said he: "by oxygin we mean pure gin; and by hydrogin, gin and water."

A merchant being asked to define the meaning of experimental and natural philosophy said he considered the first to be asking a man to discount a bill at a long date, and the second his refusing to do it.

A person meeting with an acquaintance after a long absence, told him that he was surprised to see him, for he had heard that he was dead. "But," says the other, "you find the report false." "'Tis hard to determine," he replies, "for the man that told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

We give this week a number of sketches illustrating General Grant's recent movements against the rebel capital. These movements are but a repetition on a more extended scale of the strategy hitherto employed by the Lieutenant-General. General Grant is confident of final success. Yet he appears never to expect success as the certain consequence of any individual movement. When he pushed out both of his flanks a few weeks ago he intended either to get an important position on the north bank of the James, or to obtain possession of the Weldon Road. He succeeded then in the latter of these two objects, while he failed in the former. When Sheridan had beaten Early in the Valley, and it became certain that Lee would strengthen the latter, then it was Grant's opportunity to advance again. As before, he sent one portion of his army to attack the rebel left, and at the same time pushed out westwardly against the rebel right.

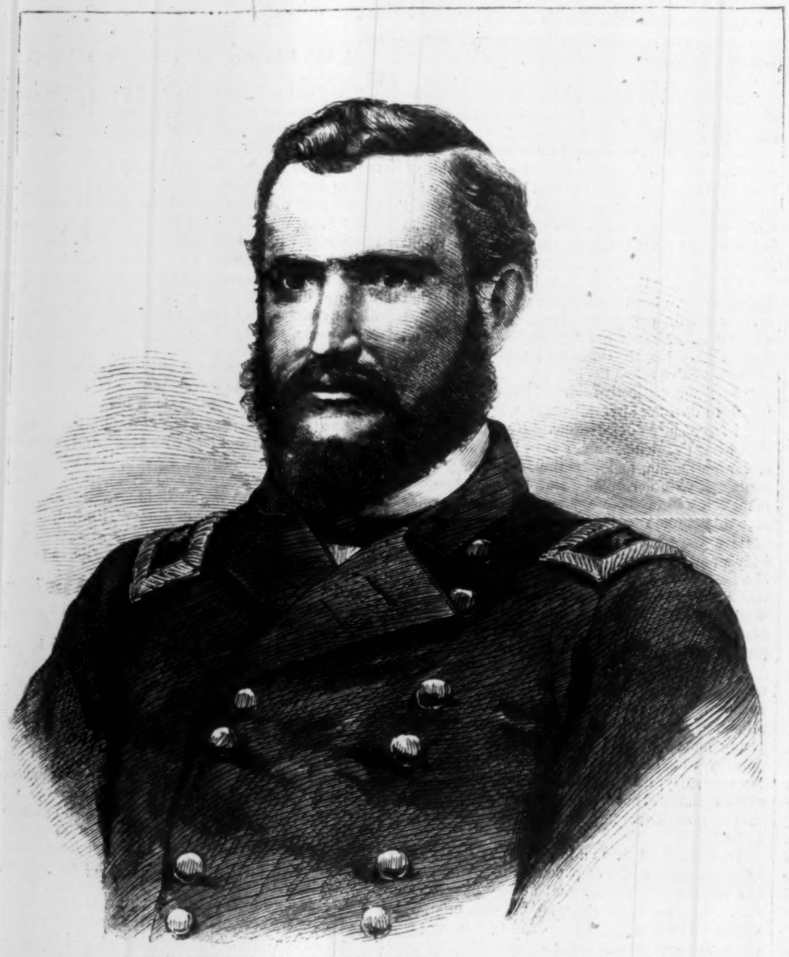
General Butler's army was dispatched to the north side of the James. The position first attacked by this army was the rebel line of works at Chapin's Farm, forming the outermost or third line of the defenses of Richmond. The first work of any considerable importance encountered on this line was Fort Harrison. On page 676 we illustrate the capture of this fort by the Eighteenth Corps. General Ord, crossing at Aiken's Landing, advanced through a wooded country on the Varina Road, and having driven in the rebel pickets from their outposts attacked the fort. The position attacked was one of considerable strength, and mounted with heavy artillery. It was situated just below Fort Darling and was built on elevated ground, but was not very strongly supported. During the attack reinforcements were arriving from Richmond, but they came too late to be of any assistance at this point, though they aided in resisting Ord's further advance, thus preventing the capture of Fort Gilmer. Two or three hundred prisoners and sixteen guns were taken at Fort Harrison. General Ord was slightly wounded in the attack, and General Burnham was killed.

The sketch on page 677 illustrates the battle of the 30th, in which General Lee attempted the recapture of Fort Harrison. Both the Eighteenth and Tenth Corps were engaged. The rebels attempted to break through between the two corps, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Two assaults were made: the first was made awkwardly; the second without promptness; and both were disastrous to the assailants.

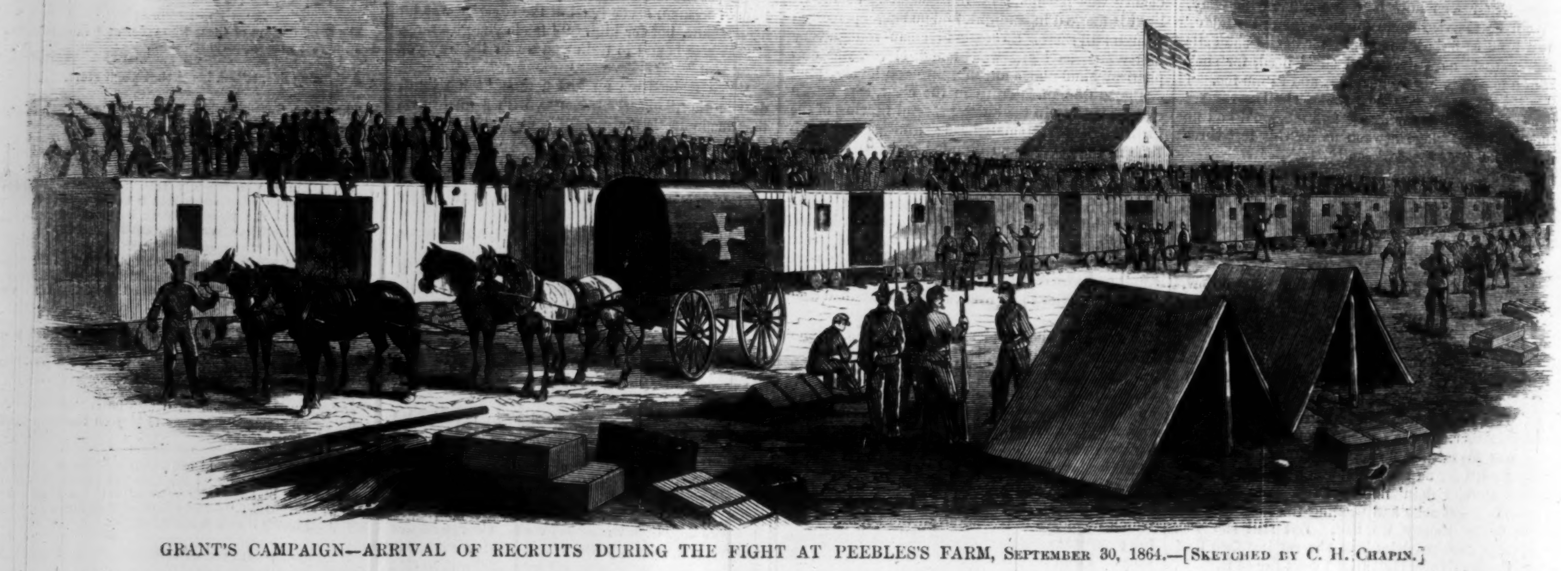
The illustration on our first page represents General Butler bivouacking at the junction of the Varina and New Market Road, after the important victory of the 29th. As a suggestion of his triumph, his tent is decorated with battle-flags captured from the enemy in battle.

On this page we give a portrait of General Godfrey Weitzel, who succeeded General Ord in the command of the Eighteenth Corps. This officer distinguished himself above all others in the campaign on the Lower Mississippi under Generals Butler and Banks. He received a military education at West Point, where he graduated in 1855 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers. He is a native of Ohio. He was Chief Engineer in the Department of the Gulf in 1862. After the battle at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in August of that year, he was appointed Brigadier-General. General Weitzel is distinguished for the same kind of talent which characterized M'Pherson.

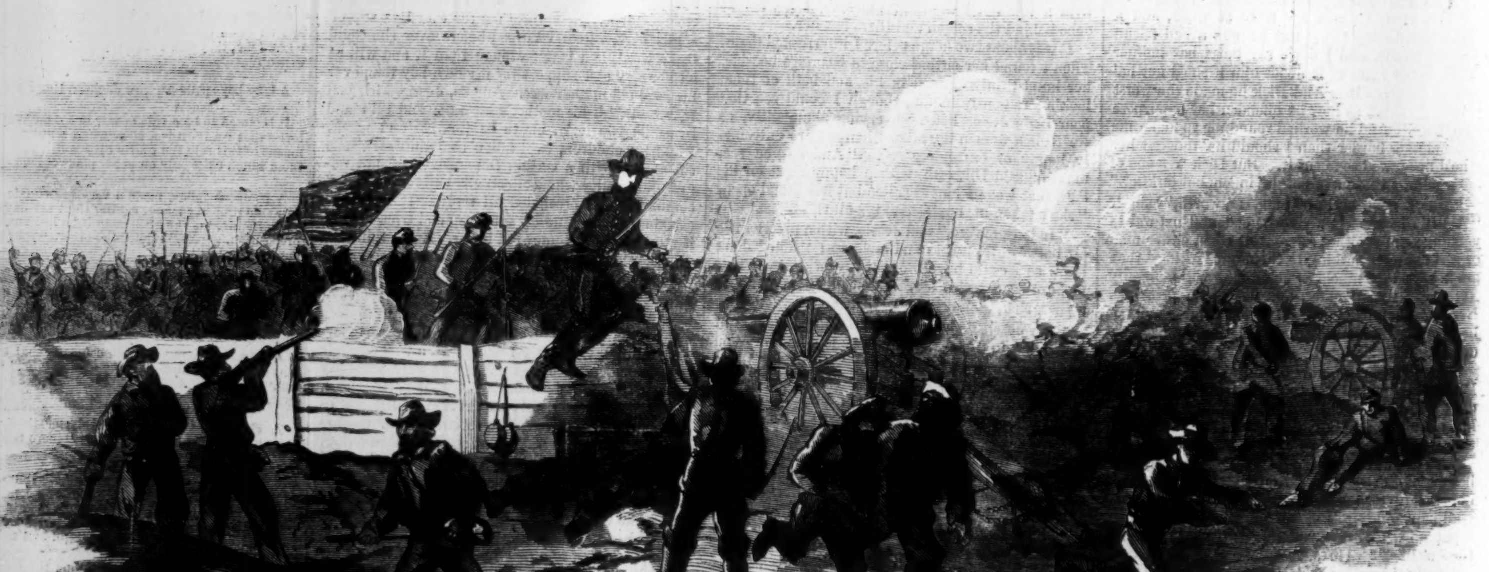
The illustrations given below and on page 680 relate to the operations of General Warren's Corps against the rebel right. This movement was one day later than that north of the James. Lee had ordered a good portion of his army to the left, to retake the positions occupied by General Butler. Thus his right was weakened; and taking advantage of this, portions of the Fifth and Ninth Corps were advanced toward the Poplar Grove. Poplar Grove is on the South Side Railroad, fifteen miles from the Weldon Road. The first attack, which is the one illustrated on page 680, was made about noon, on a rebel redoubt three miles from the Weldon Road, at Peebles's Farm. This work was carried, and four guns captured. The rebels were driven back to their inner lines. We illustrate below two incidents which occurred in connection with the battle on the 30th. While it was being fought a large number of new recruits arrived on the field from the North. This, as our artist remarks, gave great encouragement to the soldiers, assuring them that they were not left alone to fight their country's battles. The other incident to which we allude is one which excites much admiration and comment in the army. When the First Division of the Fifth Corps charged the rebel battery, Colonel Welch, commanding the Sixteenth Michigan Volunteers, led his men up to the work, leaped into the fort, sword in hand, and charged the rebels at their guns. He was killed shortly afterward, but his men will never forget that leap.



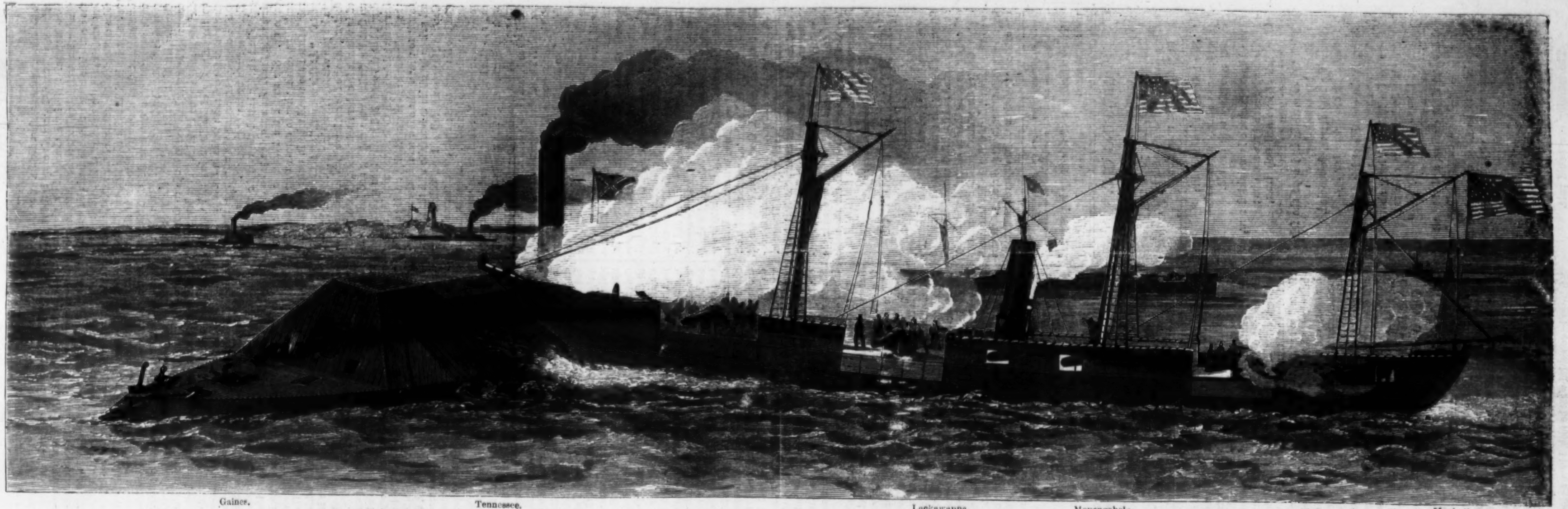
MAJOR-GENERAL GODFREY WEITZEL.—[Photographed by Anthony.]



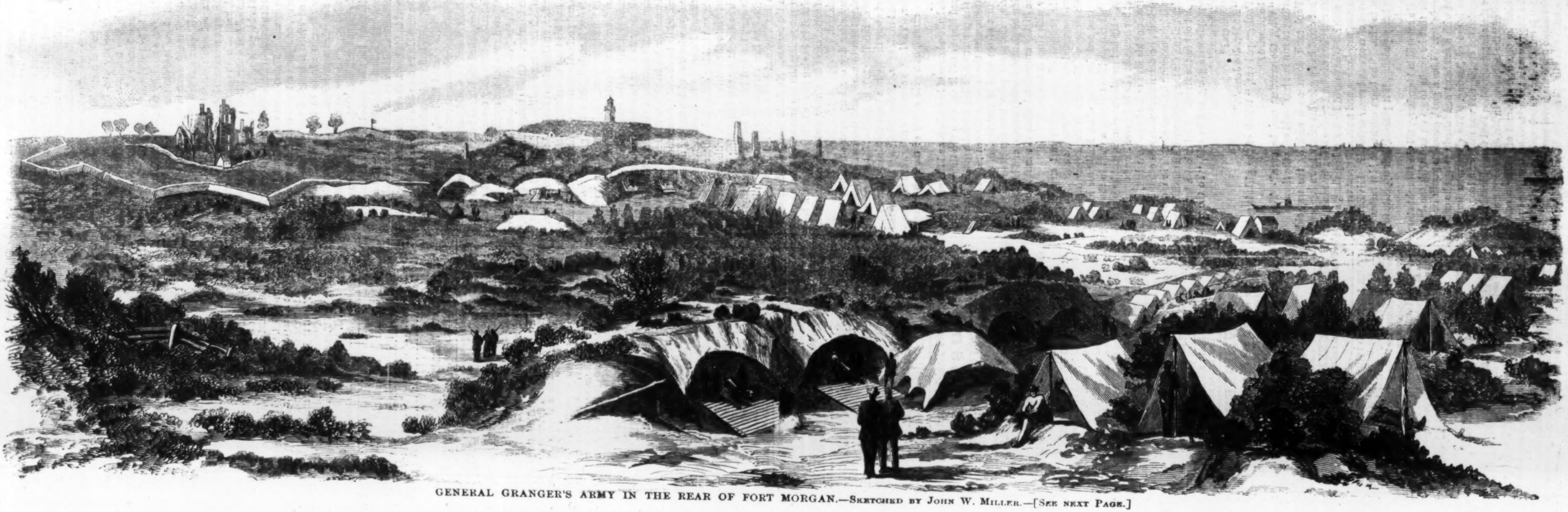
GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS DURING THE FIGHT AT PEEBLES'S FARM, September 30, 1864.—[Sketched by C. H. Chapin.]



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—COLONEL WELCH LEAPING INTO THE REBEL WORKS, September 30, 1864.—[Sketched by C. H. Chapin.]


Gaines.
Tennessee.
Lackawanna.
Monongahela.
Manhattan.

UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "LACKAWANNA" RAMMING THE "TENNESSEE" IN MOBILE BAY.—Sketched by Robert Weir.—[See next Page.]



GENERAL GRANGER'S ARMY IN THE REAR OF FORT MORGAN.—Sketched by John W. Miller.—[See next Page.]

FORT MORGAN.

We give on page 685 two illustrations relating to the late operations against Mobile. One of these represents General **Granger**'s army in the rear of Fort Morgan. We have already, in a previous number, illustrated the attack on Fort Morgan from the fleet. The attack from the land side was not less important in the reduction of that work. Besides cutting off the garrison from retreat, the investment by land had this advantage, *viz.*, that a bombardment from stationary batteries is always more successful than one from ships. This was proved in the bombardment of Fort Macon, North Carolina, in 1862. There, indeed, the fleet was compelled to retire, leaving the battle to those attacking from the shore batteries. Fort Morgan is on the extremity of Mobile Point, and was the strongest of the defensive works in the bay.

The other cut represents the attack on the ram *Tennessee* made by the *Lackawanna*. The *Monongahela* had already butted the ram for the second time when the *Lackawanna*, the pride of the fleet, came up. She struck the *Tennessee* a fair blow amidships, causing her to careen over so that the rebels feared she would take in water through her ports. "At this moment," says our correspondent, "a lee gun was fired from the ram (whether by accident or otherwise I do not know), and the steam rushed in volumes from her smoke-stack. The cry went up that the traitors were sinking and had surrendered, but the words had hardly been spoken when her guns belched forth their fierce broadside, raking the *Lackawanna* most unmercifully, causing all who saw it to wince. In a few seconds the noble vessel swings broadside to broadside with the traitors. Captain **Marchand**, full of hope, delivers every gun into his antagonist; their effect is scarcely perceptible against the iron sides. **Buchanan** can not reply gun for gun. The *Lackawanna's* men are too eager in this hoped-for moment, and load and fire with superhuman energy. A minute more, and they are separated, the *Lackawanna* as buoyant and determined as before, though dead and dying lay upon her decks. The rebel still comes boldly on her way, making direct for the Admiral or one of the larger ships. The Admiral, as we all know, meets him only too gladly. Where was **Craven** then? Could he have had the *Tecumseh* alongside this craft she would have hauled down her colors in less than ten minutes. By this time young Captain **Perkins** has worked his way close to the ram, steering by his propellers alone, as his steering gear had become disabled in the beginning of the fight. He fought his vessel nobly; but the *Tennessee's* heavy plating made strong resistance against his 11-inch shot. He disabled the rebel's steering apparatus, and by continuous pounding made the splinters fly among the rebels to their confusion. One of his shots, striking the after-port, killed one man, utterly demolishing him, and wounded **Buchanan**. Within a square of 10 feet he planted a dozen solid shot. The *Manhattan* fired six shots at the ram, one of which seems to have struck. The *Lackawanna* delivered the fairest ramming blow at the *Tennessee*. The affair was like a tournament, the fleet being spectators. The *Monongahela* rushed upon the *Tennessee* twice; after her came the *Lackawanna*, *Hartford*, and *Ossipee*; and no doubt every vessel in the fleet would have punched her had not the noble **Perkins** made them cry enough."

SHERIDAN IN PURSUIT OF EARLY.

On page 684 we give an illustration of General **Sheridan** leading his gallant army in pursuit of an already routed and dispirited enemy. The General as he rides along the line is greeted with hearty cheers. General **Sheridan**'s present head-quarters is at Harrisonburg, from which he has been sending cavalry expeditions in every direction. It was one of these expeditions which captured Staunton.

QUITE ALONE.

The continuation of this Story is postponed until next week.

GROWING OLD.

They sit together at the door,
Through which, long years ago,
They passed, a newly-wedded pair,
In youth's first rosy glow.
Then her round cheek was red and warm,
Her hair was rippling gold;
His form was stately as the oak—
But now they both are old.

The blooming cheek is wrinkled now,
The sweet blue eyes are dim;
But, full of love and holy trust,
They ever turn to him,
With the calm faith and hope she felt
Upon her bridal day,
When the long future, flower-clad,
Stretched out before her lay.

Now, in the eventide of life,
They watch the purple haze
Grow on the hills, and hang above
The land-locked chain of bays;
They see the sun sink slowly down
To gladden other lands;
They feel night coming, and they sit
Serene, with close-clasped hands.

They know that though the dusk is here
There is a place of light,
Invaded not by gloom or shade,
Or the drear, weeping night.
They wait with patience for the call,
To tread the darksome vale,
Unto the heights, before whose glow
The morning sun would pale.

BROTHER PAUL.

How well I remember the morning my brother Paul left Grassville for his lot of land in "the Heavy Timbers." Every body would call our home Grassville, though we struggled long and hard for Graceville. However, when the nickname got into the Gazetteer, we gave it up. Paul was a fine, strong fellow, five feet eight inches high, with a ruddy complexion, and life in his eyes. His brown hair curled, his lips were loving like a girl's, and he was what is called "a mother's boy." There is no better recommendation for a young man. His dress was striped home-made cloth, indigo blue and white, made in the form of a blouse, with wide pantaloons, over which were drawn long leather boots. The blouse had a square collar, which was turned back, and revealed a fine, white, and very neatly-made shirt. I made it, though "I say it who should not say it." The blouse was confined at the waist by a black leather belt. A very full knapsack, with a blanket strapped outside, a very bright rifle and axe, completed the accoutrement of the traveler. He walked as if his nerves were perfectly tempered steel springs, and as though all means of locomotion were contemptible save those included in himself. He was going to his farm in the woods, or rather to his "lot of land," which was to become a farm when it was cleared and brought under cultivation. When he had walked twenty miles he came to Woodville. His place lay beyond, in the nameless region known as "the Heavy Timbers." The hard wood and heavy growth frightened many, but tempted my "live brother," as we used to call him. As he passed on his way, he came to a house in the outskirts of a hamlet, consisting of a saw and grist mill, a clothing mill, and five or six dwellings. Paul was hungry—he was a genuine hero, but heroes get hungry like ordinary mortals. At the edge of a slope, a little before he came to the house, was a spring, and "a dear pretty girl" was filling a bright tin pail with the crystal water. Whether the sight of the young lady intensified Paul's hunger I can not say, but he resolved to get his dinner at the next house, for hotels were unknown then in this region. He had bread and cheese in his pack, still he had a fancy to rest and dine. He knocked at the door of the wayside dwelling, a cheerful voice said "Come in," and he entered a neat, large, square room. Two girls—*almost* as pretty as the one he had seen at the spring—were spinning; one was spinning woolen rolls, the other cotton roping. In each case the material was reduced by machinery to a roll about as thick as the little finger of the spinner. The wheels occupied one side of the room, on another a man was making shoes, and at a front window a worn, faded, but lady-like woman with failing sight was mending boys' clothes. It was a sad fact that the boys of this family were something of the nature of a nuisance. The neighbors said the father did not like to give them his own trade, for he felt above it himself. Certain it is, they were not trained to useful work, but were sometimes made to do "chores." They were imprisoned in school in winter, and they "raised Cain" the year round. They tore their pantaloons bird-nesting, they made "elbow room" by holes in the sleeves of their jackets, they went swimming in dark deep pools in Black River, and they were any thing but "a real blessing to mothers."

In the country where openings alternate with forests, and a village has six dwellings, a traveler is a sort of irregular newspaper. Every body is glad to see somebody, when somebody seldom comes along. There is life in the grasp of a stranger's hand in the monotony of forest life. Paul was made to feel at home at once. The family of Mr. Joseph Jones soon learned that he was from Grassville, that he was the son of his father, who was a man of mark among the settlers, and that he was going to "the Heavy Timbers" to take up and clear a hundred-acre lot. The girls were not frightened that he was going alone. They even promised to come and see him in sugar time, as they were only seven miles from his opening that was to be, and there were blazed trees to mark the way, so one of the boys could pilot them.

"But I will come for you," Paul said, gallantly. Mrs. Jones looked a little more worn and weary as the young people talked it over, and said what "good fun it would be." Poor lady! she had made just such a beginning with her husband twenty years since. She had helped him clear a good many acres, but he was not persevering. They had sold out years ago, and he had "taken up" several kinds of business. For the last years he had worked at shoemaking. This he had also "taken up," which means, that he had never learned the trade. He was clever, this Joseph Jones; but there was sorrow in that home, and he caused it. The gentler neighbors said, "What a pity such a clever man should be unsteady!" The bolder and less kind said, "What a shame that such a man should drink!" He was not a habitual, daily drunkard, but at all raisings, log-rollings, at Christmas, and in all times of illness and trouble, Mr. Jones was sure to be "in liquor," so as to be useless. This terrible unreliability had broken his wife's spirit, and almost broken her heart and at forty she was wrinkled, gray, and prematurely old. Some thought books and a superior education had spoiled Mr. Jones; others said more books, a Lyceum, an agricultural association, and competing for prizes, would have saved Joseph Jones. But he was not saved, and his family were not blessed in him as they should have been in a man of his education and ability.

An hour's talk, a nice dinner, and the smiles of these pretty girls, set Paul vigorously on his way. Did he steal any thing in that home? He took something away with him which he never returned, and which he hid as carefully as if it were a theft. Why is it that the first consciousness of affection leads us to conceal? There is one name that we never can utter freely and cheerfully, though the sound of it thrills the heart with delight, even though it be Smith, Brown, or Jones. Paul took away a great deal from that wayside house, with its large square working-room, and its various workers. Carefully as he concealed what he took, I have an inventory of all. First, a pair of bright blue eyes; next, a great lot of golden curls; then red cheeks, rosy lips, and a form full of springing grace. Emily had a wreath of trailing arbutus in her hair, though it was June, and the blossom is always called the May flower. In this northern region this most beautiful and fragrant bloom is seldom seen till June. Paul carried away the wreath with the sunny curls, and to this day he has a special tenderness for trailing arbutus. Cheerily and lightly he went his way with his hidden treasures to his lot in the heart of "the Heavy Timbers," and he did not sleep that night till he had explored a good deal. Laying his pack down on a good dry camping-knoll, he took his rifle and threw it up in the air, and caught it as it came down, many times in merry play that night, because his heart was full of companionship. He found a hill-side against which to build his camp, and the early morning shone on him with axe and shovel, hard at work clearing a space for his shanty. His shovel had a sheet-iron blade, and he had carried it in his pack with some screws, which helped him to fit a wooden handle—holes having been drilled for the screws. Before noon the hill was partially dug away, and posts set with crotched tops to hold poles, on which a thatched roof of birch-bark and hemlock-boughs was to be laid. When this was done, Paul shot a partridge. When it was dressed he broiled it. Perhaps he smoked it a little, but, with bread and salt from the pack, it made an excellent dinner. He then peeled birch and gathered hemlock-boughs, and before he slept he had a comfortable camp. He was much happier alone, with the angel in his heart, the owner of the sunny curls, than he could have been in a log-house at the next opening. He had sundry adventures in his forest solitude. He cleared his land, leaving a knoll for his house, and he left some grand old forest trees in the places where he would have set them had not nature forestalled his labor of love. Trees to most of the settlers were only enemies, to be got rid of. They spared none but the maples, for sugar. Paul left groves of young trees, though it cost him much care in burning. Others turned the growth of ages, and which none can recall to shade the naked land, into ashes, and then into salts, and then into money. Paul had his time of making salts, a time of tiresome and profitable interest, but his beautiful home at this day is embellished with a glory of trees.

One Sunday morning Paul was getting ready to go to church at Woodville—notwithstanding the common property in the curls and other treasures, he felt more as if he had them when he saw them in church—this morning he made a kettle of maize meal mush for his breakfast, and set it out of doors to cool, while he shaved; for no one was hirsute in those days who was within hailing distance of civilization. Presently he heard a series of horrid grunts, and looking out he saw a bear who had put his head into the kettle of mush without leave, and who was caught by the bail falling over the back of his ears, the bail having been accidentally left upright. As Bruin was trapped Paul split his head with his axe, and had enough to do that day to dress the carcass. No doubt Emily was disappointed in not seeing him at church, and Paul was disappointed in having plenty of bear's grease, a barrel of salted meat for winter, and a grand bear-skin for his bed.

Day after day our hero went on felling trees, burning them to ashes, and then, with a leach tub made of a hollow log, he leached his ashes, and he boiled away the ley in a huge cast-iron caldron kettle, and made salts. Salts are always silver to the settler. The land is cleared of trees when this money is earned, and gold comes of the rich cleared lands.

He built a house of hewn logs, and the neighbors helped him to roll it up when the time came, and then he put a neat paling around a goodly space for a garden, with the house in the centre. His fence, the first of the kind in that region, was made by driving sharpened poles into the ground. Next spring he planted scarlet runners, and his fence became highly ornamental when it was festooned all over with vines in bloom.

He planted currant-bushes and strawberries, plum-trees, and even rose-bushes, among the great black stumps. He went on for a year improving his farm, and dreaming of an Emily for his Eve, all that time, without saying a word to the young lady. He had seen her at church, and he had called at her home, but he had never found opportunity to speak of his love or his hope. At last, with his cage built, he determined to try to catch his bird. One bright morning he found himself in Woodville, and not alone, for the people were all smartly dressed, and out in the street. Paul asked a lad where the people were going, and he said, "To the wedding, be sure."

"Where?"

"At Mr. Joe Jones's."

Paul gasped out, "Which of the girls is going to be married?"

"Why, the prettiest one, be sure." The boy starting to run lest he should miss the show.

Paul sank down on a rock by the way-side. What cared he now for his pretty hewn log-house, with real glass windows, twelve seven-by-nine panes in each? What cared he for pole paling, scarlet runners, rose-bushes, and fruit, and great trees, and groves of trees, and sugar orchard? His Eve was lost to him. The bears might eat him instead of the hasty pudding, if it pleased their appetite to do so.

He sat still in his misery, till the thought struck him that he ought to go on and wish the happy couple joy. Like a good, generous youth he rose, and with a sad heart and faltering steps he entered the house of feasting. The clergyman had just married the couple, and was making a long prayer for their happiness, when Paul found himself at the door of "the best room" in Mr. Jones's square house, which no one ever dreamed of calling a cottage. The happy couple were standing together looking what is called *cheap*. Their awkward and sheepish appearance made the joyful revelation to Paul that the bride was Miss Seraphina Elvira, and not Miss Emily Letitia Jones. How Paul wooed his Emily, or how happily she was won, I can hardly tell. Years have gone by since that happy wedding. Sons and daughters have grown in my brother's home. That faded mother has lived many years with Emily, a setting sunbeam upon her children and her grand-children. Though she is sixty years old, she is fairer and fresher than she was twenty years ago. It is sad to think that the kindest thing Joseph Jones ever did for his wife and children was to die. The bird-nesting, out-at-elbow boys took warning by their father, and all came to good. There are no *heavy timbers* now, but one of the finest farming counties occupies their site.

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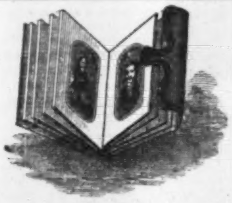

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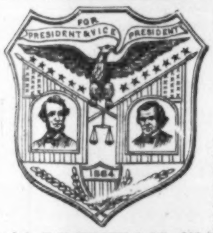

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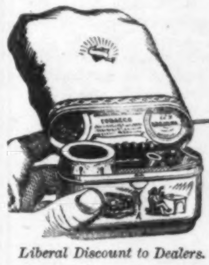

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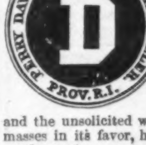
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